Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 20 — EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1916. — No. 2

HERBERT L. OLNEY PASSES AWAY

Appendicitis Claims Well Known Farmer of This Region

Herbert L. Olney died at the Lockwood hospital, Petoskey, Monday night following an operation for appendicitis.

He was taken ill last week and removed to Petoskey for an operation. This was successfully performed and he was apparently out of danger. About ten o'clock Monday night he was taken with an internal hemmorhage and passed away in a few minutes. The remains were brought to his late home, Tuesday, and funeral services were held from the South Arm Grange hall Thursday morning, conducted by Rev. John Hackett. Interment at the Jones cemetery.

Herbert L. Olney was one of our foremost progressive farmers and business men. Through hard and faithful work he developed his farm in South Arm township until it was one of the best in this region. He was always interested in matters pertaining to agriculture, was an enthusiastic grange worker and was president of the Charlevoix County Agricultural Society.

Deceased is survived by a widow and one son. A host of citizens sincerely mourn the loss of a good neighbor and staunch friend.

The Week In History.

Monday, Jan. 3.—Sir Walter Raleigh sends Queen Elizabeth some Indian trophies for her cozy cornor, 1630.

Tuesday, Jan. 4.—Caruso makes the first phonographic record, 1710.

Wednesday, Jan. 5.—Columbus goes into vaudeville, giving imitations of the natives of the new world, 1494.

Thursday, Jan. 6.—Julius Caesar wears the first pair of pants in Rome, 832.

Friday, Jan. 7.—John Bunyan writes Fables in Slang," 1610.

Saturday, Jan. 8.—Lillian Russell appears in comic opera, B. C. 4.

Sunday, Jan. 9.—Troly cars installed in Athens, B. C. 810.

STREET CORNER SAGE

New Year's Resolutions

"Now as it's gettin' along toward New Years," remarked the Sage a few days ago, in a hardware store as he waited for the clerk to wrap him up a nickle's worth of nails, "I suppose all you fellers will be makin' a lot of New Year's resolu'ions. I recollect one feller 'at lived on the next farm to me, 'at used to spend a day or two makin' the dog'gone things. Usta have his wife write 'em down an' he'd sign 'em. He might jist as well endorsed a note signed by Christopher Columbus made payable to Benedict Arnold fer all the good it done. In less'n a week he was back to drinkin,' smokin,' chewin' an' cussin' worser an' ever. Last New Year' at he lived there, he only made one resolution, though, an' 'sfur as I ever knowed he lived up to it to the letter."

"What did he resolve?" asked one of the little audience.

"He resolved not to make any more resolutions, an' th' nex' day he got killed in a run-a-way." And the old man treated himself to a hearty laugh at his own humor, as he picked up the package of nails. "Charge 'em" he told the clerk as he went out the door.

How Artistic Skill Helps War Plans

One of the ingenious ideas of modern war strategy is to utilize artist skill in making a drawing of a fortification without betraying its purport on the surface. The spy makes a drawing which appears to be an ordinary landscape. If caught with it he might pose with comparative safety as an artist who had been sketching for pleasure and was entirely ignorant of the existence of any fort and its surroundings.

Interpreted according to a secret code, however, the picture reveals to the spy's government a fairly complete plan of a fort. This is indicated by the character and position of details.

One kind of tree represents an armored gun-turret.

A bush is an observation turret. Other forms of trees are gun positions, a couple of gates are entrances to the fort, a piece of fencing is a barbed-wire entanglement, lines of bushes are ditches and so on.

G. A. R. and W. R. C. INSTALL OFFICERS

The ladies of the W. R. C. held their regular meeting last Saturday, at which a joint installation with the G. A. R. post was held, also a chicken dinner was served by the ladies, which was highly enjoyed by all present.

Below were the officers installed:—

Stevens Post No. 66, G. A. R.

Commander—J. W. Rogars
Sen. Vice Commander—Geo. Pringle
Junior Vice Commander—Aldrich Townsend
Surgeon—Ira Miles
Chaplain—James Handy
Quarter Master—Wm. Harrington
Officer of the day—Elias Hammond
Guard—Fowler Steele
Adjutant—George Bowen
Quarter Master Sergeant—J. H. Kocker
Sergeant-Major—H. C. Swafford
Patriotic Instructor—L. C. Madison
Delegate—Wm. Harrington
Alternate—Aldrich Townsend

Stevens W. R. C. No. 161.

President—Elva Barrie
Sen. Vice—Kathrine McEachran
Jr. Vice—Ella Sutton
Treasurer—Sarah Rogers
Chaplain—Clara Sheldon
Conductor—Matilda Harrington
Guard—Alice Evans
Delegate—Addie Tindale
Alternate—Sarah Rogers

APPOINTED OFFICERS

Secretary—Addie Tindale
Patriotic Instructor—Fannie Zerwekh
Press Correspondant—Eliza Swafford
Musician—Marjorie Bowen
Color Bearers—Edna Atkinson, Stella Barnett, Anna Warden and Clara Kitsman.

Commission Proceedings.

Regular meeting of the City Commission held at the commission rooms, Monday evening, Jan. 3, 1916.

Meeting was called to order by Mayor Cross. Present—Cross, Gidley, and Lancaster. Absent—None.

Minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

On motion by Gidley, the following bills were allowed:

Otis J. Smith, salary, express and postage,	$ 26.10
E. W. Giles, cleaning streets,	24.00
James Meredith, labor,	3.00
Richard Barnett, team work,	4.00
Henry Cook, salary,	75.00
Geo. Spencer, labor and material,	138.43
D. H. Fitch, salary and rental,	24.16
Elec. Light Co., street lighting,	201.85
" " " pumping,	117.35
Mich. State Tel. Co., rentals,	6.25
E. J. Iron Works, meter boxes & etc.,	158.50
G. A. Lisk, printing,	15.45
Enterprise Pub. Co., printing,	6.30
Stroebel Bros., mdse,	32.90

On motion by Lancaster, meeting was adjourned.

OTIS J. SMITH,
City Clerk.

School Commissioner's Notes.

Resolved that we standardize for health's sake and health alone.

School officer's meeting, Thursday.

Fifth county Reading Circle class organized in St. James during the holidays.

Saturday at 2 p. m., Room 5, East Jordan High School. Live meeting for teachers. Special feature on agriculture. Just a reminder.

Boyne City Reading Circle, Central Building, English Room, Jan. 15, 1916 at 1 p. m. Special work on agriculture. Every wide awake teacher should be present.

New ruling from the department. Second grade renewels require at least one term of normal training during the life of the certificate in question, with two summer terms recommended.

A happy, healthy New Year to all.

Learn a Little Every Day.

Coal was first used in London in 1240.

Niagra Falls is 164 feet high.

A red sunrise, with lowering clouds, indicates rain.

Fogs indicate settled weather.

The first knives were used in England and the first wheeled carriages in France in 1559.

Until 1776 cotton spinning was performed by the hand spinning wheel.

ANNUAL MEETING PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Tuesday last the Annual Meeting of the Presbyterian church and congregation was held in the church. Reports of all branches of the church work were heard. The Christian Endeavor and Missionary society reported a year of progress. The Sabbath School reported the best year in its history. During the last quarter about thirty per cent being added to the roll. The Ladies Aid report gave a total of money raised that surprised the men of the congregation.

The reports of the treasurer and the financial sec'y showed the year past ended with an extra large expenditure and yet with money in sight to meet all bills. The budget for the current year was reported assured, and the benevolences increased over fifty per cent. New by-laws were submitted and adopted.

The Board of Trustees was reduced to nine members. Messers T. R. Joynt W. L. Peck, and C. V. Trumbull were elected for terms of three years each. Messers Geo. Geck and W. H. Sloan were elected elders for a term of three years each.

At the close of the meeting the new Board of Trustees organized with the following officers:

President—W. P. Porter
Vice-President—L. A. Hoyt
Secretary—W. L. Peck
Fin. Secretary—R. O. Bisbee
Treasurer—T. R. Joynt.

Refreshments were served by the Ladies Aid.

And Along Came Ruth

"Mother, I've found out a new and simple way to clean silver," exclaimed Ruth one afternoon, as she took off her hat." Alice Lemon was cleaning hers when I was over there, and it can be done while you are at work at something else."

"Well, tell me about it," demanded her mother."

"In the first place, you must save the old zinc from a washboard," continued Ruth. "Then place the zinc in a large granite pan, with two tablespoonsful of salt and one of soda. Add water, and put the silver in the bath. Let it stay for a while and when it comes out it will have cleaned itself beautifully."

"Alice also says that if you will put a small piece of zinc in the fire, it will clean out the chimney."

"Well, tomorrow we will put Alice's theory to the test," declared Ruth's mother.

What Is a Snail's Pace?

"At a snail's pace" is a common expression, and usually signifies a very slow speed. But what do you suppose is the actual pace made by a snail in traveling?

We can give it in accurate figures. One foot in four minutes, or at the rate of one mile in 16 days, if traveling continuously.

These are figures given by George Zahnizer, a civil engineer, taken from actual observation.

A short time since Mr. Zahnizer was waiting for a train at a country station. He had nothing in particular to do, and "killed a little time" by timing a snail which was creeping along the ground.

That snail traveled just exactly one foot in four minutes. Mr. Zahnizer has figured out that it would require 16 days for that snail to move a mile.

Products of Peat

Among the products of peat are peat fuel and peat charcoal, with such by-products as naptha, sulphate of ammonia, acetic acid, tar and paraffin wax, but there are aso most little—already an important industry on the Continent—manrue, preservative, sheep, dips, paper, cardboard and millboards, disinfectants, artificial wool, surgical wool and filtering and absorbing material. Tho suppling antiseptic wools and dressings the special medicinal value rests in its use for peat baths.

Stephen Decatur

Stephen Decatur, American seaman, was born in Maryland in 1779. At 19 he saw service against the French and at 20 was made lieutenant. He gained great distinction in the naval wars with Tripoli and Tunis and the war with Great Britain in 1812. He was killed in a duel with James Baron in 1820.

The Lord loveth a cheerful giver—and so do other people.

A horse may pull with all his might but never with his mane.

ELBERT BEDE SAYS

We can all get jobs working for the upbuilding of the community—and the pay is both large and certain.

A woman who pays $500 for a dress has had something hung on to her—and not very much either, perhaps.

Folks persist in saying that matches are made in heaven. Maybe they're used to start the fires in hell.

Wouldn't there be a terrible turmoil in this old world if we executed half the dire thing we work out in our minds.

It's a mighty good-for-nothing woman who can't support one man and an entirely good-for-nothing woman who tries it.

While some of us are casting around for opportunity, others would consider it the greatest opportunity of a life time to be in a position we are so anxious to cast aside.

The person who doesn't want the things he can't get it quite likely to be fairly contented, but if we all stopped with the things that are easily attained what a slow old world this would be.

We always imagine that to-morrow we will have so much more time to do things than we have today and when tomorrow comes we wish we had done them in the time we wasted yesterday.

If we could be contented with minding our own business we wouldn't learn a lot of things that make us unhappy and would save others from telling a lot of things which make them unhappy to tell.

When one man says another is a crook and the second one retaliates by saying the first is a crook we stop and wonder how much of the truth each is telling. To speak ill of another quite often reacts on the speaker.

When a person makes a great show of honesty when only a few cents is concerned we wonder what chance there would be if a large sum were concerned. Also we have seen people who thought it is no crime to keep a few cents that did not belong to them who would be absolutely honest if a large sum were concerned.

USING SOUR MILK

Very often sour milk is thrown away because the ignorant cook does not know how to make use of it. Sour milk may not only be used for biscuit, but for waffles, gingerbread, cake of various kinds and even salad dressing and ice cream, provided that it is properly sweetened with soda. Thick sour milk requirest the proportion of an even teaspoonful of soda to each pint of the milk. Thin milk, of which there is less curd than whey requires more soda. The soda should always be well dissolved in the milk or sifted into the flour if it is not to collect in lumps and show its presence.

A House Without Broom or Match

"A house without a broom or a match, without coal or gas would have been a wonder ten years ago," observed a newly-wed at the regular meeting of the Home Efficiency Club. I have started my married life with the broom and the match and the coal scuttle banished forever."

But there will be brooms for a good many years yet, just as the old-time candle still survives in some districts, although modern homes are fast adapting the electrical method. It was Franklin who jested about electric cooking and like many another of those old jests, electric cooking has come into being. Housewives find the throwing on of a little switch a welcome labor saver. Besides, little heat is wasted and none radiates out into the room to make it unsufferably hot.

St. Joseph's Church

Rev. Timothy Kroboth.

Sunday, Jan. 9.

8:00 a. m. Low mass. Holy Communion for the Holy Name Societies.
10:30 a. m. High mass.
7:00 p. m. Holy Name meeting, Sermon, Question-Box, Benediction.

BOLTS WANTED.

We want to buy a few hundred cords of four-foot bolts in hemlock, spruce, pine and balsam, 6" and up in diameter, smooth, straight stock, all cut 49" long. Will buy same delivered on car on E. J. & S. R. R. or in our yard.

EAST JORDAN, CABINET CO.

Never twit your wife because of her foolish ideas. Except for one of them she would never have married you.

JUDGE F. W. MAYNE CANDIDATE FOR SUPREME JUDGE.

The below endorsement of Circuit Judge F. W. Mayne for the supreme court bench appeared in Monday's issue of the Traverse City Record-Eagle.

Northern Michigan will have a candidate for supreme judge at the Republican primaries this year in the person of Judge Fredrick W. Mayne of Charlevoix, who has for the past fifteen years sat on the bench on the thirteenth judicial circuit. Judge Mayne is peculiarly fitted for the Michigan supreme bench as he has made an enviable record as a circuit judge, for few of his decisions have ever been reversed by the higher court. His public career has been a long and honorable one during which time he has been prosecuting attorney of Charlevoix county two terms, judge of probate one term and he is now serving his third term as circuit judge. He has been a resident of this region since 1878 which fact entitles him to be classed as one of the pioneers of Grand Traverse. It is a significant fact that he is the only candidate for the supreme bench north of Grand Rapids and this fact, coupled with his fitness for the position should insure him the solid support of all the counties in the northern part of the state. It is also a fact that all the federal judges also come from the territory south of central Michigan. Northern Michigan is too large and important to be ignored in choosing judges for the highest court in the state and the opportunity is now at hand for emphasizing this fact throughout the state and securing the support of the entire state for a candidate from this part of Michigan. Judge Mayne is well and favorably known throughout the state, as his duties as circuit judge have carried him as far south as Detroit, where he has presided over many important cases. Already he has been given unanimous endorsement for the supreme bench by the bar associations in all the counties in the thirteenth judical circuit which emphasizes the standing that he has among the members of the legal profession. Judge Mayne has a splendid chance to win the nomination and it is up to the voters in the state to see to it that Northern Michigan is given due consideration and through him representation upon the supreme bench of the state of Michigan."

DEWARD

A Sunday School has been organized and we hope it will be well attended.

James Quebec spent the holidays with his sister, Mrs. John Vallance, and returned to his home Monday.

Miss Anna Olson of this place returned to Mt. Pleasant this week to resume her work at the normal.

School opened this week with a number of pupils absent on account of the Grippe.

Miss Anna Taylor who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. D. Dresher returned to Detroit, Monday.

Miss Mary Olson returned to Roscommon, Monday, after spending her vacation with her parents.

Mrs. John Woods is on the sick list this week.

Rev. Weaver of Petoskey will hold services at the church Saturday and Sunday of this week.

Mrs. Dan Worth who has been dangerously ill for the past week, died at her home at about seven o'clock Thursday morning.

ROCK ELM RUSTLINGS

Everyone enjoying the cold weather. Think Jack Frost is here to stay for awhile.

H. E. Hutton is busy these days taking in taxes.

Miss Jessie Metz returned to Big Rapids Monday morning.

H. E. Hutton and family visited at M. Fishers on Sunday afternoon.

The teacher and pupils are enjoying the improvements which were made during the vacation.

The farmers are busy doing chores and between times are on the lake fishing with excellent success.

It's a poor resolution that will not hold water.

Some men think a luxurious stand of whiskers adds to their dignity.

A man who is continually harping on his virtue has at least one vice.

As long as a young man can't tell the color of a girl's eyes he is safe.

ON THE FIRING LINE.

Postmaster General Burleson says that in the past few years the postal system has entered upon a still broader service to the people, and he cites the postal savings system and the parcel post as instances. Thanks, Mr. Burleson. Both of these measures were passed by Republican Congresses. The postal savings law was enacted with your opposition. The parcel post was enacted without any evidence whatever of your active support. You were a member of Congress and had an opportunity to help in the establishment of both. You opposed one and if you helped in the other there is nothing in the record to show it. In fact, every vote in opposition to the postal savings bank was cast by a Democrat. Still, we can forgive your opposition in the past since you now acknowledge the merit of Republican legislation.

A remarkable feature of the annual report of Secretary of the Treasuay McAdoo is the presentation of three special reports by mercantile agencies, testifying to the restoration of industrial prosperity. These reports were made at the request of the Secretary himself. Two deductions are almost unavoidable: first, Mr. McAdoo doubted whether the American people would believe that prosperity has returned unless he so informed them in his report; and, second, he doubted whether they would accept the statement on his own authority, and, therefore, backed it up by the testimony of three mercantile agencies. This is certainly not very complimentary either to the intelligence of the American people or to the reputation of Mr. McAdoo. We are certainly in a sad state of affairs if the American people do not know they are enjoying prosperity unless they are so informed by official reports. We are also in a bad way if reliance cannot be placed upon the statements of the Secretary of the Treasury unless confirmed by private agencies, selected by himself for corroborative purposes. We repeat, this is a remarkable feature of an annual report of a Secretary of the Treasury.

New York dispatches say that ship building companies have orders for all the vessels that can be constructed and delivered in the next two years, yet the administration wants a government owned shipping system established.

Because this is a neutral country many foreign ships sought register under the American flag and have been doing a thriving business at high freight rates, due entirely to the war. When the war is over and that traffic ends, as it necessarily will, freight rates will slump accordingly. Ships which are now so highly valued will become relatively a drug on the market. Ships now under the American flag will seek entry under other nations in order to secure the advantages of lower wages and cheaper operation.

During the past two years American farmers harvested nearly 45 per cent more wheat than in any previous two year period. Anticipation of high prices on account of the war induced increased acreage. Many fields that would otherwise have been summer fallowed were planted to crops. Many of these fields now need a rest and statistics show that the acreage sown in the fall of 1915 is 89 per cent of that sown in 1914. The war production of wheat has been larger than anticipated.

When the Democrats look over their record and think of the campaign ahead of them, they doubtless would like to induce the American voters to "let-by-gones be by-gones."

Now the question is, what will be the next subject upon which President Wilson will change his mind?

All men are more or less prejudiced—not because they want to be, but because they can't help it.

Hard work never kills a man. But scheming how he may be able to put in the most time on a short job saps up his vital energy.

COLD WEATHER ACHES AND PAINS.

Many aches and pains, sore muscles, stiff joints and much rheumatism attributed to cold weather have their first cause in failure of the kidneys to properly eliminate waste matter from the system. Foley Kidney Pills tone up weak and diseased kidneys, giving prompt relief from aches and pains.—Hites Drug Store.

HUNDREDS HAVE ALREADY TAKEN ADVANTAGE OF OUR GREAT

Cash Converter SALE

This is the golden opportunity of the year for you, Madam, and you cannot, as a careful buyer, afford to miss the rare values offered at this time.

A FEW SPECIALS

ONE LOT OF

Ladies' Coats

Values up to $25.00 for

$3.75



ONE LOT OF

Childrens' Coats

ages 6 to 14 years
values up to $12.50

$3.75

SPECIAL LOT OF

Ladies Skirts at $3.00

WE INVITE YOU to call—look for the Green Tags—and participate in the harvest of bargains.

M. E. ASHLEY & Co.

DAINTY SHIRT WAIST.



1440. Ladies' Shirt Waist with Raglan Sleeve in Wrist or Short Length.

This attractive design was developed in black and white checked taffeta, with collar and cuffs of white batiste. It would be nice in crepe de chine or poplin, cotton crepe, madras, lawn, batiste, poplin, repp, flannel or velvet. The long sleeve has a neat cuff with a dainty turnover. For the sleeve in short length the turnback cuff forms a suitable finish. The collar is made in "Quaker" style, wide and deep points and round over the back. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 2 5-8 yards of 44 inch material for a 36 inch size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

A BECOMING DRESS FOR MOTHER'S GIRL.



1476. Girls' Dress With Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths.

This charming model has the front in attractive shaping, forming a pointed extension over the belt. The collar is new and in Quaker style. The sleeve in wrist length is good for cool weather. The short sleeve is comfortable and attractive with its pretty shaped cuff. The style is good for gingham, galatea, percale, chambrey, lawn, linen, serge, repp, poplin or cashmere. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. It requires 3 1-2 yards of 44 inch material for an 8 year size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

POPULAR JUNIOR MODEL.



1447. Dress With Smock Blouse and 3 gore Skirt. (With Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths.)

This very popular and attractive style, is most desirable for cretonne, voile, gingham, chambrey, lawn and batiste. It is also good for taffeta, gabardine, linen and drill. The skirt may be joined to an ordinary waistband, or to an underwaist. The sleeve is real smart and up to date, and equally desirable in wrist and short length. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. It requires 6 1-4 yards of 36 inch material for a 14 year size.

CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD

G. A. Lisk, Publisher

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

Entered at the postoffice at East Jordan Michigan, as second class mail matter.

MAKING RAIN.

Sometimes the weather is too dry; no cloud appears in all the sky, the sun is blazing all day long, the heat it sheds is fierce and strong, and farmers view the baking plain, and swear because there is no rain.

Is there no way of bringing showers upon this thirsty land of ours? Is man as helpless as he feels, when he lifts up despairing spiels? Why do we yield ourselves to gloom, our minds too ready to assume, that Nature's doings can't be switched, that Nature's program can't be ditched? If we'd use methods safe and sane, methinks they might produce the rain.

I've noticed when I buy a suit that connoisseurs would call a beaut, and drape it on my stately form, and amble forth, there is a storm. The thunder roars to beat the band, the rain comes down on every hand, and I am soaked, from heels to head, before "Jack Robinson" I've said. It never fails; I've tried it oft, and water hard and soft, and hail and sleet and other suds, come slopping down to spoil my duds. I've heard some other fellows say that they are soaked the same old way.

When drought is drying up the oats and burning whiskers from the goats, why don't the farmers dress themselves in all the glad rags on their shelves, and hold a meeting on the pike? The lightning would be sure to strike, the thunder certainly would roar, and every brand of rain would pour.

Each spring I buy a can of paint of color that would make you faint, and spread that gorgeous stuff upon the rustic seats upon the lawn, the garden swing, the pump, the gate—all sorts of traps I decorate. And they'd be pleasing to the eye, if that blamed paint could ever dry, but always, when the job is done, an inky cloud steals o'er the sun, the lightning sizzles, fro and to, the thunder makes a howdydo, the winds bring whirling clouds of dirt, and then the rain begins to squirt. And when the foolish storm has gone, I view the ruins of the lawn, the brindled pump, and chairs that seem like figments of a hopjoint dream, and wonder why it always pours when I go painting out of doors.

Such facts as these should point the way to bringing rainstorms any day. —By Walt Mason, from Judge.

HABIT FORMING DRUGS.

The evils of drunkenness are known to all, but the ravages of the habit forming drugs, more terrible than alcoholism in their effects, are not properly appreciated by the public. These drugs rapidly undermine the constitution, break down the moral character and make complete wrecks of those who are unable to escape from their clutches. In nearly every city there is a systematic and secret traffic in such drugs. They are even smuggled into prisons. Needless to say there is tremendous profit in it to those who are engaged in the business. The habit is increasing alarmingly in the dry states of the south. Dr. Lucius P. Brown, state Pure Food and Drugs Inspector of Tennessee, is authority for the statement that there are 22,500 persons in Tennessee suffering from the drug habit and that $540,000 is spent yearly in that state by habitual drug users.

The general public does not realize what is going on. A man can't drink whisky without its being known, but the user of drugs can slip off by himself and quietly dope, and no one will know his plight until it is too late.—From Leslie's.

About three minutes after starting an argument with a woman a man realizes that he is up against it.

If it's easier to preach than to practice, it must be easier to be a clergyman than a physician.

A fool shows his folly and knows it not, but a wise guy knows his folly and shows it not.

The contents of the pockets have a good deal to do with the fit of the trousers.

THE NEIGHBORS SAY—

If he is regular in attending church, he is too pious.

If he doesn't attend church, he is on the road to perdition.

If he sends his family away for the Summer, it is more than he can afford.

If he doesn't allow them a vacation, he is called stingy.

If he happens to be successful in business, he achieved success unfairly.

If he doesn't succeed, he missed his calling.

If the piano is silent, why don't they buy a player?

If they have a player piano, it annoys the whole neighborhood.

If he gives freely to charity, it is done for show.

If he doesn't, he is classed as a tightwad.

If his wife does her own work, she is "killing herself" for the family.

If she has servants, she ought to be more economical.

If he dies young, he led too fast a life.

If he lives to a ripe old age, he is living beyond his time.—From Judge.

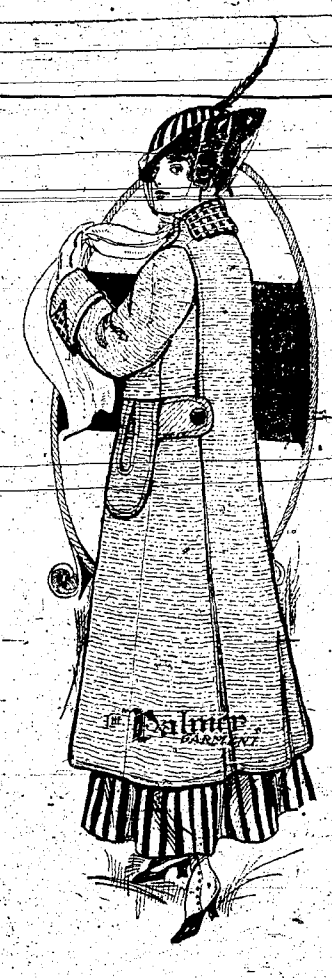
After a man has acquired a reputation for being lazy, his conscience doesn't trouble him when his wife is doing washing for the neighbors.

It is easier for some men to stand upright than it is for them to act that way.

A man will write out a hundred "don'ts" and not mention a single "do."

A black eye indicates that the owner looked for trouble and found it.

EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO. STORE



LADIES WINTER COATS

AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES



YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO PASS THIS BY.

Ladies who have been waiting for genuine price reductions in Ladies Coats should buy NOW.

East Jordan Lumber Co.

Making the Home Comfy

WHERE TO BUILD HOUSE.

Select Land of Light, Porous Quality, Lying High.

Select for your building site, if possible, land of a light, porous quality, lying high and with good natural drainage. Do not build near sinkholes, marshy ponds or other malaria-bearing spots. You can often test the drainage quality of a lot which you have in mind buying by digging holes a few feet in depth on the highest and lowest parts and observing them at various seasons of the year, especially after a rainy period. Houses on low-lying land should be built off the ground as much as possible, with high foundation walls, and with two or three stories instead of one floor.

Before finally deciding on a location make certain that it is healthful. If inquiry reveals that there is a good deal of sickness in the neighborhood, think twice before you buy. Sometimes it is hard to get a reliable statement from residents or from your land agent, because of a desire to hold up real estate values. If you have any doubt in the matter, and can do so, rent a house and try out the community for a year.—Good Health.

FOR THE GUEST ROOM.

Light Tinted Chiffon Bag is Useful Accessory.

While the careful hostess will not overload her guest room with a horde of useless trifles, she will appreciate this latest novelty in a dainty guest room accessory, and may hang it with a free conscience on the dressing table for her next feminine visitor. It is a light tinted chiffon bag, a shapeless affair gathered onto a ribbon covered embroidery hoop. In it are piled, perhaps a dozen individual powder puffs of softest cotton Each bit of fluffiness is tied with a piece of narrow ribbon of the color chosen for the bag, and a jaunty bow offers a comfortable way of holding the diminutive puff when in operation. The real practical value of such a dainty bag lies of course in the fact that a guest returning from various pleasure jaunts, more or less soiled as to face and fatigued as to body, will relish a clean bit of cotton for applying the refreshing bit of alcohol, powder or rouge.

NEEDLEWORK.

Nothing is more annoying than the usual drawstring laundry bag, which always gapes at the wrong moment and refuses to open when it is full. One clever woman has solved the difficulty in a new way. She procured a plain wooden coat hanger, such as can be bought anywhere for five cents and sewed a chintz bag over it, sewing the bag tight to one side of the hanger and leaving the other side loose, with a slit down the middle about half way. The top of the bag and the slit are bound with tape, which fastens the loose side around the metal hook of the hanger. Thus the bag is easily opened when needed and keeps properly closed when inconspicuousness is desired.

Fashions in marking linen change to some degree every season, so that letters from a half-inch to four or five inches long are permissible. A safe rule for the conservative needlewoman to follow is:

For tablecloths, letters three-quarters of an inch long.

Sheets, two inches long.

Other articles are marked according to the state of embroiderer. But the best method of marking linen is a problem which presents itself very often.

There are many ways to choose besides the plain embroidered initial stamped either in script or block type. Perhaps the most attractive method of working large initials is to embroider the letters over fine net, cutting away the linen underneath, so that when finished it will give a transparent effect that is unusual and beautiful.

The work is not difficult and can be done rapidly by one who has any experience in needlecraft.

When turning in hems on wiry or sheer materials like swiss, it is often much easier to take a warm iron and press them down by the eye, which is generally accurate for long distances. This gives better results in many cases than measuring, as a wiry swiss will slip in spite of you when you attempt to measure accurately for a deep hem or tuck.

Your sewing machine will last longer and run more easily if, especially after working on woolen goods, you clean out the feed plate. Take out the screw that holds it down and lift it off, then with a long pin pick out the lint and clear the needle slot. You will be amazed at the amount of lint that can accumulate there, and, when you have replaced the plate and the screw, at the increased efficiency of the machine.

Prune Ice Cream.

Prepare cream same as for vanila ice cream. Drain and seed carefully cooked prunes as directed. Rub through the puree sieve or a colander or they may be even chopped very fine. For every quart of sween cream and one cup of sugar use one pint of the prunes unsweetened and one tablespoonful of lemon juice. Freeze and pack. Let ripen for one hour.

A neglected grave furnishes as much talk for the neighbors as a dirty kitchen.

When the opportunity arrives to be a hero a man is usually sound asleep.

To err is human—and the divine part is to keep from being found out.



BY

HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER.

Author of

"The Whispering Man," Etc.

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SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—Anthony Longstreet dare-devil automobile racer, driving over a mountainous road without lights gives a lift to a strange girl and incidentally assists her on a mysterious mission.

CHAPTER II.—Longstreet, though greatly attracted by the girl, whose face he had not seen, is engrossed in the tryout of a new high explosive motor he and a noted chemist have invented.

CHAPTER III.—Alfred Morris, the chemist, lives in a shack in the mountains where the motor experiments have been made. Longstreet after his trial spin, reports to his pardner that the motor is a success. Morris tells Longstreet that their patent attorney, Valentine, has sold them out to Sheldrake, a millionaire manufacturer of gasoline automobiles. Sheldrake makes a tentative offer of $5000 if they will drop their fight for patent rights. Opening the padlocked garage back of the Morris shack the next morning, a letter addressed to Valentine is found in the bottom of Longstreet's trial car.

CHAPTER IV.—Morris believes someone has broken into the garage to steal the secret of the new invention. Longstreet suspects it was dropped by his unknown passenger of the night ride and accordingly goes to the mountain inn where she is staying to see her, thereby breaking a promise not to make any attempt to identify her. Telling Morris of his suspicions and of the night ride, Morris sees in the girl an accomplice of Valentine and Sheldrake.

CHAPTER V—VI.—Longstreet arriving at the inn learns his unknown passenger was Clarissa Ellsworth. She admits dropping the letter in his car though she vouchsafes no information concerning it and, ashamed of himself for suspecting her, he asks no questions. Inadvertently Longstreet hears Clarissa is the poor stepsister of Violet Ellsworth, a wealthy, haughty heiress.

CHAPTER VII—VIII—IX— Valentine, in love with Violet, has been turned down in favor of Sheldrake. The two men plot to break up the Longstreet-Morris partnership.

CHAPTER X.—Sheldrake senses an intimacy be'ween Longstreet and Clarissa and goes to Clarissa to talk to her about it. She is cool to him but their meeting sets Violet jealous and helps to confirm Morris's suspicions in Longstreet's mind.

the memory of their parting that morning and of the last words Morris had said to him: "I don't know what she wants of you, but I do know this; that if you go to her now in the state of mind that you are in, whatever she wants, she'll get." There came before his mind's eye rather vividly a picture of the look that would have been on Morris's face could he have heard the question that Clarissa asked just now.

Tony Longstreet repulsed this idea with a sort of savage impatience. Merely to let such a thought come into his mind at all seemed an act of base disloyalty to the girl who sat beside him. That it had intruded unsought, seemed, in a way, to make the disloyalty all the worse.

It only took a moment to trample the ugly thought out of his mind, but that moment was enough to bring Clarissa's eyes around to him with a sudden look of troubled surprise.

"Don't you want to tell me?" she asked. "I don't want you to, if you don't."

"Yes, I do," Longstreet asserted. "You're the one person in the world I do want to tell it to."

With that he plunged ahead with his story. He told her how he and Morris had worked along together, how they had surmounted one discouragement after another, how again and again, when they thought the road was clear before them, some unforeseen obstacle had thrust itself across their path and threatened final failure.

A good deal of the story had been beyond Clarissa's comprehension, for the after-taste of that ugly idea that had intruded for just a minute into Longstreet's mind, had made him more explicit and technical than he would otherwise have been. But, if she didn't understand all he said, she comprehended very truly a great deal that he didn't say. His loyalty to Morris had kept out of the story any mention of the great chemist's frailties; of his suspicions, his cynicisms, his outbursts of savage impatience. And yet, in some clairvoyant fashion, Clarissa had understood all this, and had seen what an illuminating light it threw upon the sweetness and soundness and strength of the big man who sat beside her now.

"But you won out at last," she said rather breathlessly. "You've done the thing you set out to do. You've made the dream come true." Then she turned to look at him. "Haven't you?" she asked suddenly.

He hadn't spoken a word in dissent. A glance into his face, at the grimly ironical smile that bent his lips for a moment, was all the basis that she had for the question. But it was enough.

"The dream has come true, right enough," he said, "but now that it's true, they're beginning to say that it isn't our dream."

A sentence of Violet's flashed into Clarissa's mind: "They think they've invented something that really belongs to Mr. Sheldrake and Mr. Valentine."

"Do you mean," asked Clarissa, with sudden sympathy, "that some one else had invented it first?"

"No," said Longstreet. "That isn't what I mean."

He took up the tale again of their relations with Valentine and of the two letters to Morris that had so cynically announced his deliberate betrayal of them.

Clarissa's eyes burned very bright as she heard that story.

"But they can't do that, can they?" she said at last. "That thing is yours. Yours every bit. How can they take it away from you?"

"You can do a lot with a million dollars," he told her. "Especially to a couple of men who haven't any," and he went on briefly to outline some of the possibilities.

"But that's stealing," exclaimed Clarissa.

"We'll have the privilege of calling it that," he answered. "That may be the only recompense we'll get out of it."

"They couldn't do any of those things, could they," she went on, "if you had the money, too? If you had a million dollars?"

Longstreet laughed. "They wouldn't even try. But you see they know quite well we haven't. Morris might be rich, if he'd been interested enough to pay any attention to that side of his discoveries, but he never has. His only use for money is to have enough to live on and to make new discoveries with. As for me, I race automobiles for a living." He broke off into a quick look at her. "You knew that?"

She nodded, but didn't offer to explain how or when she had come by this bit of knowledge.

"You don't mind?" he asked. "That doesn't make any—difference?"

She didn't answer immediately and a tricky bit of sterring past a wagon that wanted all the road to itself, kept Longstreet's eyes away from her face.

"Because," he added presently, "I meant to tell you right at the beginning, when we started out—making friends. I don't mind doing it," he went on, "when I'm at it. Because I do it pretty well, in the first place, and there's some satisfaction in that. And then it leaves me time for the other thing. But of course you're getting paid all the while for something that—well—gentlemen are supposed to do for fun."

"Gentlemen like Mr. Sheldrake and Mr. Valentine," suggested Clarissa. "It did make a difference, quite a lot of difference, when I found you did it for a living and not just for fun. But not the sort of difference you'd mind, I think."

"I'm glad you know anyway," said Longstreet.

Still she didn't explain how she'd come to know. Her mind went back, apparently, to the place where the thread of conversation had broken.

"It hasn't made you rich, though. That's the point" she said. "And you need quite a lot of money to get your invention started—to make the dream come true really."

"That's the situation," he told her. "But Mr. Sheldrake's father hasn't got all the money there is. Not quite. Why don't you go to somebody else?"

"I don't know just what would happen," said Longstreet, "but probably something like this. If we got any other capitalist interested, he'd look up the situation and he'd find that the patents were all in a tangle. The next thing he'd find would be that the Paragon Company, with old Marcus Sheldrake's money behind it, was going to make a fight. And those two facts would be enough to scare any capitalist that ever clipped a coupon."

"Then what can you do?" she asked.

"We'll make a fight. Do the best we can. They evidently don't think there's much we can do, from the tone of their letters."

In silence he piloted the car through a small village and over a railroad crossing. Then as the road straightened out again ahead of them, broad and empty of traffic, he turned and stole a look at her.

She was looking thoughtfully ahead, her eyes focused on nothing nearer than the horizon. For the first time that day, his look didn't attract hers around to meet it. For the first time her mind seemed a long way off, unconscious of his presence there beside her. And the next moment, when he looked at her again, she was faintly smiling. It wasn't wholly mischievous, that smile, although there certainly was mischief in it; but underlying it and in the thoughtful, concentrated abstraction of those eyes, there was something more serious, almost ironical. Then suddenly she flashed around and found him looking at her. The hardness melted suddenly out of her face and a flush took its place.

"I was thinking," she said. Then her eyes brightened again mischievously. "Can you guess what I was thinking?" she demanded. "You can't. I'll give you a dozen guesses."

"No," he admitted. I can't guess."

She nodded with undisguised satisfaction. A moment later she asked: "Is it very hard to learn to drive a car? Could I do it?"

"Of course," said Longstreet. "I'll give you a lesson now."

CHAPTER XV

Clarissa's Lesson.

Whatever twinges of conscience Tony Longstreet may have suffered, as the afternoon wore on and the shadows lengthened, regarding the relative geographical position of Woodstock Inn and the necessity for getting back, Clarissa had a mind and conscience clear. It didn't occur to her to wonder how late it would be when they got back to the inn and she wouldn't have worried about it, if it had.

She had told her stepmother briefly that she was going out for a motor ride with Mr. Longstreet and didn't know when she would get back, and Mrs. Ellsworth's querulous disquisition on the proprieties had simply gone unheard. As a matter of fact, Clarissa's self effacing attitude toward her stepmother and sister had this one valuable recompense for her. It gave her a large measure of personal independence. She bore all the burdens of the family, financial and other, for they were as dependent on her intelligence and judgment, as they were upon her money. She submitted, without complaint, to all the concentrated selfishness that went into Mrs. Ellsworth's demands for poor Violet, she endured innumerable petty discomforts, made, daily, small sacrifices in order to give Violet "a chance." But in matters that concerned herself alone and in situations where Violet's interest could by no stretch of the imagination be jeopardized, Clarissa did as she pleased. Her stepmother was as incapable of giving her really sound advice or direction in life as Violet was, and although she complained and remonstrated and wept a good deal, she always acknowledged her defeat beforehand.

The rest of the world, the rocking-chair brigade at Woodstock Inn, to take a fair sample of it, found it easy to accept her for just what she was and accorded her the liberty which it will grant to almost any responsible person who has demonstrated that he is his own master.

Clarissa's mind had another advantage over Longstreet's. It was quite clear in a matter wherein his was troubled. She had been perfectly sure all day, up to the beginning of this automobile lesson that there was nothing romantic, nothing "silly," nothing to be on her guard against, in the new friendship that had grown with such unprecedented rapidity between her and Longstreet. She had had misgivings about it once, after their ride in the dark when she hadn't seen his face. They had asserted themselves somewhat more strongly after that little talk of theirs by the brook.

It was utterly characteristic of Clarissa that, instead of dismissing the idea that she might be falling in love with Longstreet, instead of turning coyly away from it and refusing to acknowledge its existence, she should have summoned it deliberately into the court of her mind and investigated its pretensions. How did people feel toward those they were falling in love with? How did they act toward them? Violet had more experience than any one she knew, and Violet made a valuable witness for the defense. Violet's flutters, her concealments, her suspicions and jealousies, all of them, apparently, perfectly characteristic symptoms of the disease of falling in love, didn't bear the remotest family resemblance to Clarissa's rather startling impulse to tell Longstreet everything she knew or to the queer clairvoyant understanding that seemed to lead them both to the same idea at the same time. So far as she could make out, there was a sort of hostility about falling in love. The parties faced each other like duelists with foils in their hands, thrusting at each other and parrying each other's thrusts. Always alert, always on guard against each other.

Sheldrake had made an involuntary witness, too, in this inquiry, when he had asked her if she was flirting with him and accused her of keeping him guessing.

No, she had summed up logically enough, her feeling toward Longstreet was a horse of another color altogether. It had been unjustly suspected and the case against the defendant was dismissed.

It was precisely because she wasn't in love with Tony and in no danger of finding herself there, that she liked him so much. There was no need of being on her guard against him. Less need than with any one else she had ever known.

It had been a wonderful day for Clarissa. Unlike, utterly unlike, anything that had ever come into her life before. It was exciting, for some unknown reason. She tried to make herself believe that the swift motion of the car had something to do with it, but she couldn't quite stretch that explanation to cover the ground there had been just as much of that breathless, high tension feeling in the air in the barren, clammy little dining room in the hotel, as out in the sparkle of the September sunshine. Along with the excitement there had gone a strange sense of security; a sense that nothing could possibly go wrong or be misunderstood or require explaining. Strangest of all and most unaccountable, along with the excitement and the wonder of it, had gone a sort of relaxed, passive feeling, as though what she said and did were not her own saying and doing at all; as though she, and Longstreet, too, for that matter, were in the hands of something bigger and stronger than they were.

Clarissa hadn't talked very much. She had been rather silent all day. She hadn't told him half the things she meant to tell. That was partly because there was a pleasant quality in the silences that she didn't like to break. But partly, too, it was because——

Well, that was the one flaw in what was otherwise quite perfect. She had meant to correct that misapprehension of Longstreet's as to the relative worldly position of herself and Violet as soon as he made it clear that the misapprehension existed. A half a dozen times since, she had come up to the point of making the explanation, but always she had faltered back from it. It would be a rather awkward, difficult thing to say, for one thing— "I'm not Cinderilla, you know, really. I'm the rich stepsister." And then a persistent instinct kept whispering to her not to tell. Her reason argued valiantly enough that telling could make no difference now, but the instinct was deaf to arguments. For a while, anyway, after she had told, there would be a little chill of constraint, something to argue down. And the warm, free abandon, so new, and so wonderful, that was enchanting the world for her would be spoilt, blighted.

She was a little ashamed of this instinct all day; couldn't be sure that the proper name for it wasn't pure cowardice, until he began telling her of this last fight that he and Morris had on their hands before they could fairly make their dream come true. He would never have told her that—never—if he had suspected that she had the power in her own slim hands to win their fight for them herself. No, the instinct had been right. She mustn't tell until the fight was won.

When she had turned to him full of her great plan, and found his eyes puzzled over her secret, when they had turned back to the road again, baffled with a little look of defeat in them, Clarissa discovered that there was a lump in her throat; discovered, to her intense astonishment, that she wanted to cry. It was time to get down to earth again clearly, and her demand for a lesson in driving the car herself was the first expedient that she could think of. Secretly, she was rather proud of it, it seemed such a good one. There was nothing romantic, certainly, about levers and clutches and muffler cutouts, or whatever their names were. And if that subtle little instinct, whose guidance she had accepted before, had whispered to her—which it didn't—"It isn't a way back to earth at all," she would have disbelieved it wholly and altogether.

And, indeed, for a little while, half an hour perhaps, her innocent stratagem served its purpose admirably. Longstreet demonstrated and explained everything within reach of the driver's seat where Clarissa had ensconced herself; he dismounted, standing beside her, and the car idle in the middle of the road. She listened with absorbed attention and learned as fast as she could. He tught her to drop her hand on the different levers selecting the right one by feel and not by sight. When she was perfect in this, he started the engine, mounted to the seat beside her, and Clarissa, her mind all alert for the new problem, her attention straining to the breaking point, let in the clutch and began piloting the car slowly ahead.

Once they were in motion, of course spoken explanations took too long. He gave his instructions with his hands, through hers, guiding her fingers on the throttle, her hands on the wheel and, when they shifted speeds, reaching across her, he led her hand to the right lever, supplementing her strength with his own.

At first this meant no more to Clarissa than his spoken explanations. She was no more aware of the contact of his hands with her own, than of those of the men she danced with. But gradually, as the operation of the car became easier and the strain on her attention relaxed, those big, strong hands of his began to make themselves felt, somehow, in a different way. She could drive the car well enough now without their guidance. With any one else in the world for her instructor, she would have wanted the chance to demonstrate that she had learned her lesson so well. But she didn't want Tony Longstreet to take his hands away.

She sat there wondering why, and the car rolled slowly along for a mile, or maybe more, down the empty road. She felt the blood coming up warm into her cheeks and temples and her vision began to blur a little. She ought to release her hands, she knew that. She knew, too, that it would be easy,—oh, very easy. Just the smallest restless movement and they would be free. And yet she left them still, lest an involuntary movement should break the spell. All the while she kept wondering why. It wasn't because his hands were so big and strong, so powerful in their gentleness. It wasn't because they were so skillful, so highly organized, so intensely alive that their nervous energy was coming through into hers almost as palpably as an electric current. It wasn't because her own hands had suddenly turned cold and limp and only held their places on the wooden rim of the steering wheel under the pressure of his. She wondered if he could hear her heart beating above the hum of the gears on second speed and the throb of the motor.

And then, quite suddenly, of his own accord, he took his hands away and clasped them and gripped them together between his knees as if they were trembling, too. She didn't glance around at him, but she felt that he was still looking at her hands.

"I w-want to stop the car," said Clarissa. "You'll have to tell me how. I've f-forgotten."

Longstreet remained quite still. "Let out the clutch," he said raggedly, "under your right foot, and brake a little gently with your left—so." Then he reached forward to the dash and turned a switch that silenced the motor.

"I don't think I'll drive any more—to-night," she said unsteadily. "And—and it's getting late. Don't you think we'd better be—going home?"

"Yes," said Longstreet.

It was getting late. The long shadows had changed to no shadows at all before Clarissa had begun her lesson, and now the twilight was already turning gray and purple under the trees. The blue veil of autumn mist was settling around them, and the evening was turning chilly. Perhaps that was why Clarissa shivered as they rose to change places in the car.

"Wait a minute," said Longstreet. He dismounted and went around to the rumble.

She didn't watch to see what he was doing, but remained standing in the car, looking out ahead.

"Here you are," he said a moment later. He was holding out a big motoring ulster in his hands.

"I—don't want it," she stammered. "I'm not cold."

He did not answer but went on holding the coat out toward her, waiting for her to slip it on.

She dismounted from the car and submitted to be helped into the great coat. The sleeves came far down beyond her finger tips and she held them out to him with an uncertain little laugh.

"All right," he said. "I'll button you up." He took the lapels in his hands and pulled the coat forward, well around her. It was enormously too big. And then his hands seemed to go limp all at once, and the weight of them rested on her shoulders, just for a not quite imperceptible moment. He set to work on the buttons, but his trembling fingers made slow, bungling work of them. After he had finished the last one, before he straightened up, he clutched a fold of the skirt and crushed it in the full grip of his two hands.

Clarissa stood watching him in a momentary panic of terror over an impulse, so strong that she was barely resisting it, to take those two big, clumsy, trembling hands of his in her own and hold them tight and quiet them. She did resist it, though.

They took their old places in the car in silence. Then Clarissa said:

"But you'll be cold."

"No," he said. "I'm not cold. There's an extra coat in the rumble."

It was all true, and yet he had to say it between his clenched teeth to keep them from chattering.

He backed the car around in the narrow roadway and set out retracing their track over the ground of Clarissa's driving lesson,—the lesson she had asked for as a means of getting back to earth. Back to earth, indeed!

The car rolled on, not very fast, through the deepening purple gray of the twilight. Stumps and bowlders along the roadside loomed mysteriously out of the mist. Their way twisted along, now through barren, partly cleared pasture land, again through little patches of untouched timber where it was quite dark. The road was mounting steadily and it grew wilder and rougher as they plodded along.

It might have perplexed Longstreet to remember anything of this sort in the way they had come,—the way he supposed he was retracing. That it didn't trouble him was due to the fact that the only thing in the universe he was fully conscious of was Clarissa's ungloved right hand which rested on the arm of the bucket seat between them. It was so near him that if he had slipped his hand down to the lower segment of the wheel, his arm would have rested upon it.

Neither of them had spoken a word since the car had begun what they supposed was its homeward journey. The gradient of the road went on increasing. The trees and stumps and bowlders on either hand encroached nearer and nearer upon the single ill-marked track, which was all there was left to proclaim a thoroughfare. The twilight mist changed from purple to silver, and presently as they topped a little hill crest, Clarissa made out a half grown moon, high up in the sky. She took her hand away from the arm where it had been resting and pointed.

Longstreet looked, then looked ahead, and suddenly, without a word stopped the car.

"Wait a minute," he said. He scrambled out on the right side over his levers, instead of crossing in front of Clarissa, and walked forward a little way.

The thing that his suddenly awakened attention had discovered, was an old fashioned snake fence, squarely across the line of the road. Clarissa could make it out faintly from where she sat.

Presently he returned and stood beside her.

"Isn't there any more road at all?" she asked indifferently, as if the answer mattered very little one way or the other.

"Why, yes," he said. "There's a jog to the left. The road goes on all right. But I'm pretty sure we didn't come this way. Aren't you?"

"I don't know," said Clarissa. "I suppose not."

"I think perhaps we'd better go on," he ventured after a little silence. "The road evidently goes somewhere."

"Well, that's all we can ask of any road," said Clarissa. "I suppose we are lost aren't we?"

"Yes," he admitted.

"Then it's quite easy," she said, as if his admission simplified matters somehow. "We'll just keep going until we get to a village or farmhouse and then we'll inquire."

So he took his place in the car again and they crept forward around the jog, the road leading up and up and up all the time. But they were getting near to something at last, for the field which the snake fence enclosed was clear of stumps and the fence itself was in good repair, and the trees in the next field were set out spaciously, in even rows.

"An orchard," said Longstreet. "Can't you smell the apples?"

"Look!" said Clarissa, pointing ahead.

It was a light in a farmhouse window that she was pointing out.

Longstreet stopped the car opposite the big gate that led into the farmyard and made a little preliminary move to rise. But the action was arrested by a gesture of Clarissa's and he dropped back into his seat.

There was a moment of silence, then Clarissa laid her hand once more on the arm of the bucket seat between them.

"It's been a very beautiful day," she said.

Longstreet's hand dropped from the wheel. Then it sought hers that lay so near and so unguarded, and found it very easily. She turned it over so that the palms came together. Then, with a little fugitive pressure she took it away.

"Yes," said Longstreet. Then he clambered down from the car, went through the gate, and knocked at the farmhouse door.

CHAPTER XVI

Arcadia

Longstreet was gone a rather long time, but Clarissa didn't mind. The early evening mist was thinning now and the moonlight getting clearer and whiter every minute. And every now and then, a puff of air brought her the spicy fragrance of the apples, mixed just decernibly with the pungent odor of wood smoke. In the open moonlit places between the trees she could see the apples piled in little squat pyramids. The world was very still, very peaceful and so happy too, she thought. But perhaps the peace and the happiness were her own contribution.

She rather hoped that Longstreet would be gone a long time. She just wanted to sit still for a while alone. She was warm now, warm all over, and if she felt rather weak and limp, and suspected that her knees, if she trusted her weight to them, would prove a wobbly, uncertain support, it wasn't an unpleasant sensation, somehow.

She wasn't thinking really. She hadn't begun investigating that blinding discovery that had made so sudden an end of her driving lesson. The word "love" wasn't in her mind at all, much less the consequences, an engagement and a wedding. She hadn't begun giving names to things yet.

She heard a door open somewhere, and then the ring of Longstreet's step along the hard shale path; she heard the gate creak as he opened it. But she didn't look around, not even when he stood close beside the car and she knew he had taken the arm of the seat in the grip of both his hands. But at his voice she looked around quickly, for it was full of disquiet and distress.

"I don't know whether you can ever forgive me," he said. "Certainly I have no right to ask you to."

Her eyes opened wide and something cold seemed to have caught hold of her throat.

"What?" she managed to whisper. "What for?"

"I've been trying to find out from this farmer where we are, and he says——"

The hold on her throat let go.

"Oh!" said Clarissa, and she released the sharply arrested breath in an uncertain little laugh.

Longstreet's sentence broke off into silence.

"Are we very badly lost, indeed?" asked Clarissa.

Her voice sounded as if she meant to forgive him very easily. But then, she didn't know yet how bad it was.

"So far as Mr. Price and I can make out by exchanging landmarks," he said, "it must be all of one hundred and twenty five miles to Woodstock. And it's all of ten to anything like a practicable road."

It was very absurd of Clarissa to be glad of that. And, recognizing that this was so, she tried hard to keep that sudden ridiculous gaiety out of her voice.

(Continued on Last Page)

BEGIN HOT WATER DRINKING IF YOU DON'T FEEL RIGHT

Save glass of hot water with phosphate before breakfast washes out poisons.

If you wake up with a bad taste, bad breath and tongue is coated; if your head is dull or aching; if what you eat sours and forms gas and acid in stomach, or you are bilious, constipated, nervous, sallow and can't get feeling just right, begin inside bathing. Drink before breakfast, a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it. This will flush the poisons and toxins from stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels and cleanse, sweeten and purify the entire alimentary tract. Do your inside bathing immediately upon arising in the morning to wash out of the system all the previous day's poisonous waste, gases and sour bile before putting more food into the stomach.

To feel like young folks feel; like you felt before your blood, nerves and muscles became loaded with body impurities, get from your pharmacist a quarter pound of limestone phosphate which is inexpensive and almost tasteless, except for a sourish twinge which is not unpleasant.

Just as soap and hot water act on the skin, cleansing, sweetening and freshening, so hot water and limestone phosphate act on the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels. Men and women who are usually constipated, bilious, headachy or have any stomach disorder should begin this inside bathing before breakfast. They are assured they will become real cranks on the subject shortly.

HEAD STUFFED FROM CATARRH OR A COLD

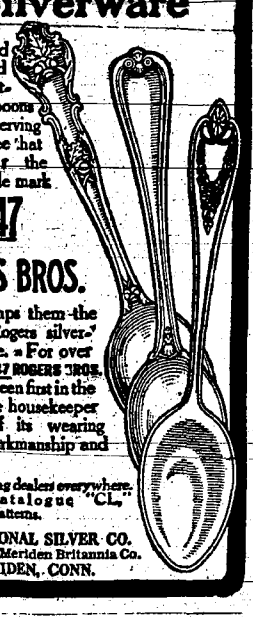
Says Cream Applied in Nostrils Opens Air Passages Right Up.

Instant relief—no waiting. Your clogged nostrils open right up; the air passages of your head clear and you can breathe freely. No more hawking, snuffling, blowing, headache, dryness. No struggling for breath at night; your cold or catarrh disappears.

Get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm from your druggist now. Apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic, healing cream in your nostrils. It penetrates through every air passage of the head, soothes the inflamed or swollen mucous membrane and relief comes instantly.

It's just fine. Don't stay stuffed-up with a cold or nasty catarrh.

Famous Silverware



Care should be exercised when selecting forks, spoons and fancy serving pieces to see that they bear the famous trade mark

1847

ROGERS BROS.

which stamps them the genuine Rogers silver-plated ware. For over 65 years 1847 ROGERS BROS. silver has been first in the heart of the housekeeper because of its wearing quality, workmanship and design.

Sold by leading dealers everywhere. Send for catalogue "CL," showing all patterns.

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.
Successor to Meriden Britannia Co.
MERIDEN, CONN.

OLD-TIME COLD CURE—DRINK HOT TEA!

Get a small package of Hamburg Breast Tea, or as the German folks call it, "Hamburger Brust Thee," at any pharmacy. Take a tablespoonful of the tea, put a cup of boiling water upon it, pour through a sieve and drink a teacup full at any time during the day or before retiring. It is the most effective way to break a cold and cure grip, as it opens the pores of the skin, relieving congestion. Also loosens the bowels, thus breaking up a cold.

Try it the next time you suffer from a cold or the grip. It is inexpensive and entirely vegetable, therefore safe and harmless.

RUB RHEUMATISM FROM STIFF, ACHING JOINTS

Rub Soreness from joints and muscles with a small trial bottle of old St. Jacobs Oil

Stop "dosing" Rheumatism.

It's pain only; not one case in fifty requires internal treatment. Rub soothing, penetrating "St. Jacobs Oil" right on the "tender spot," and by the time you say Jack Robinson—out comes the rheumatic pain. "St. Jacob's Oil" is a harmless rheumatism cure which never disappoints and doesn't burn the skin. It takes pain, soreness and stiffness from aching joints, muscles and bones; stops sciatica, lumbago, backache, neuralgia.

Limber up! Get a 25 cent bottle of old-time, honest "St. Jacobs Oil" from any drug store, and in a moment you'll be free from pains, aches and stiffness. Don't suffer! Rub rheumatism away.

BIG IMPETUS FOR ESTABROOK BOOM

"Dark Horse" For Republican Presidential Nomination.

NATIONAL DEFENSE PIONEER

Known as Fearless Advocate of Traditional Republican Principles—Also Recognized as One of Ablest Campaigners in United States

Far and away the most interesting phase of the national political situation is the movement that has brought Henry D. Estabrook, of New York and Nebraska, so prominently to the front as a candidate for the Republican presidential nomination. First spoken of as a possibility in connection with the presidency less than six months ago, Mr. Estabrook is today one of the leading candidates, with evidences of strength that are a source of concern to the friends of the other aspirants.

He has made speeches in every important city in the East, Middle West, and Far West, an arduous campaign experience that has put him in good condition to meet the rigorous demands made in the head of a party's national ticket, and his friends in Nebraska and other States have formed Estabrook organizations and are going after national delegates in the most vigorous fashion.

Impartial observers agree that this development of the Estabrook boom has no parallel in the political history



HENRY D. ESTABROOK.

of the last 25 years, and they are beginning to inquire whether the popular demand for new leadership is actually so strong as to give this new man the greatest political prize over which men struggle.

An All-Around Big Man.

Estabrook is a big man physically, mentally and politically. Quite six feet in height, erect, rugged, he would be a man of commanding presence in any gathering. His mental attainments are attested by his signal success in the practice of law and by the widespread interest in his every public utterance—on governmental, economic and social problems. He has always been a student and when he discusses a subject he speaks with the authority of one who has mastered it. His conclusions are invariably sound, and, once he has arrived at them, they are proclaimed frankly and fearlessly, for he is essentially a man with the courage of his convictions.

For instance, he has been one of the most drastic critics of President Wilson and the present Democratic administration, arraigning them for their tariff law which bankrupted the federal treasury and which places the American farmer, the American manufacturer, and the American laborer at the mercy of foreign competition, and for a foreign policy which has destroyed the respect that the American flag and American citizens once commanded in every quarter of the globe.

A Preparedness Pioneer.

Likewise Mr. Estabrook was the first man prominently before the public to outline a concrete program of national defense, which he presented in an address before the American Bankers' Association September 8th last at Seattle, characterized by the Seattle Times as "one of the most remarkable addresses ever delivered in the Northwest," and he was the first Republican leader to point the way to the reunion and harmonizing of all elements of the party, his "Get-Together" plea before the McKinley Club of Omaha, Nebraska, last October, having attracted widespread attention.

From the time Mr. Estabrook opened the Republican National campaign in Chicago in 1896 he has been recognized as one of the ablest campaigners in the United States, and there have been few speakers in greater demand.

The issues in the great contest of 1916, which is to restore the Republican party to the administration of national affairs, will be Protection, Prosperity, and Preparedness, in Mr. Estabrook's judgment, with "Get-Together" as the slogan for Republicans of every shade of opinion. He has been preaching this gospel in all sections of the country, and has met with enthusiastic receptions everywhere he has gone.

Short Sermons FOR A Sunday Half-Hour

LEANNESS OF SOUL.

BY THE REV. A. W. SNYDER.

And He gave them their desire, and sent leanness withal into their soul.—Psalm, cvi., 15.

This was said of the chosen people of old, but of how many of this generation as of that it may be said, "He gave them their desire, and sent leanness withal into their soul." It is the natural outcome of unworthy wishes. "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap"—that, not something else.

God does not force us into conformity to His holy will. He gives light, knowledge, grace, blessing. He seeks and constrains in all the divine loving kindness and compassion, but then we may withstand it all; may, if we will, walk in our own ways and perhaps come at last to live as if altogether without God in the world; nor do we need to live bad lives in order to do this. No, not at all; we have simply to live without any thought of God or of His will and desire concerning us.

The world is wide and full of many things. We can choose what we will. It may be simply to make money or gain position or place or power, or just to "enjoy life," as the saying is. Everywhere we will see things "pleasant to the eye" and apparently "to be desired to make one wise." There are any number of things to choose from, and, too, you may get what you want. You are not likely to; still, you may, and yet find in the end what an empty and unsatisfying thing it is after all.

An even worse lot may be yours, and that is to have your soul become so small that it is quite content with the petty things of life "that perish in the using." In such case especially is the saying verified:—"He gave them their desire and sent leanness withal into their soul." And, in truth, it will be our case also unless we fall in with the eternal purpose by becoming workers together with God, loving that which He loves and desiring that which He desires concerning us. It may not always appear so. The passing show may seem to satisfy for a while, but not for long. The time will come when of all fleeting things you will say:—"I have no pleasure in them, if not before, you will begin to see that "the world passeth away;" that only "he that doeth the will of God abideth forever."

Then at last you will come to feel that one approving look of the living God would outweigh the world and all that it has to give.

The Spring of Life.

God has spoken to man in such a simple way that a child can understand the heart of His revelations. Simplicity is a mark of true greatness. Many of our most renowned men have been in their inner lives as simple as children in their faith toward God. The Father of his Country could be found at prayer at Valley Forge. To have a simple faith is not inconsistent with inquiry and questioning. Nobody asks as many questions as a child, and he is not satisfied until he receives a direct answer. Only God's answer could be final.

God is not an awful God to us, but our heavenly Father. He has our welfare at heart, and has always had. We can safely trust to Him our lives, our families, our absent ones, and trust Him to help us find a way in the perplexities of life. To trust Him is to stop worrying, to sleep well and to work harder.

We love Him for the same reason that we love our parents, because "He first loved us." The test of this love is not our professions, but our obedience. Where a child loves his father he does what he says. This is a life of beauty and happiness—the spring of life. It is to do your daily work better because you have a light heart, to be a greater service to others because you have been helped, and to freshen all with fragrance because your own life has been sweetened.—William M. Horn.

The Prayer That Is Answered.

Mr. Moody said his little boy called to him one day, "Papa, I want a drink," and then he went on with his play, and his father, not believing that the child really was in earnest, kept on with his reading. Soon the child spoke again, "Papa, I want a drink." But still he kept on with his play unconcernedly, and his father read on. Presently he left his tops, and came and took hold of his father's knees and said, earnestly, "Papa, I am thirsty. I must have a drink." "Then," said Mr. Moody, "as soon as I saw that the child meant what he said, I granted his request speedily. The fervent prayer never fails to get audience.

Gift of Friendship.

The gift of friendship is something that strikes deeper and lasts longer than mere gifts of material things.—Rev. Harmon H. McQuilkin.

Secret of Values.

The soul is the center and secret of all that we call valuable. Take out the soul and you bankrupt the business of the world.—Rev. Charles G. Woods.

Temperance

(Conducted by the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.)

A SAVING TO TAXPAYERS.

It is stated that the taxpayers of Polk county, Iowa, in which Des Moines is located, will save $19,000 by the closing of saloons. "Since the many thirst parlors have closed their doors and paid off their help the courts have taken a semivacation," says the Des Moines Capital. "Ine briate and insane asylums have taken down the 'Standing Room Only' signs and report that business is falling off 'something fierce.' The levy for the state institution fund has been reduced for the first time in the history of Polk county. Last year the levy was 1 mill. Now it is .8 mills, a difference of .2 mills. The levy for court expense has been reduced .3 mills. Last year's figure was 3 mills. This year it is 2.7 mills. The net reduction for the two funds amounts to half a mill or $19,000.

"County officials explain the reduction in the court expense levy by the fact that dry conditions have greatly reduced the number of cases. When the saloons were running on all six cylinders, a big percentage of cases were of the intoxication variety. With the saloons running full blast, the county derived a revenue of $25,000. Taxpayers are now saving $19,000 with the bars out of business only nine months."

CAPITAL AND LABOR BENEFIT.

When the Brunswick-Balke-Collender company some time ago announced its intention of discontinuing the manufacture of bar fixtures, because there was no longer a demand for them since prohibition had closed so many saloons, the liquor press sent up a howl declaring that prohibition had thrown hundreds of men employed by this company out of work. Investigation has shown, however, that the company had received immense orders for Edison phonograph cases and similar work and that not one man has been discharged as a result for the diversion of the work into different channels. Not only this, but it is asserted that the number of men employed will be increased rather than diminished, and the change is generally considered by business men of Dubuque as favorable to the labor market.

WHAT IS THE MATTER?

As one state after another outlaws the drink traffic the astonished liquor men ask, "What's the matter, anyway?" That question is easily answered. The thing that's all wrong is liquor itself, and the people are finding it out. The dispensary plan; the high license plan; the government owned saloon; the family liquor store; Sunday closing; early closing; strict supervision; abolishment of free lunch, music, tables and games; the system of having only one saloon to so many population; local option—all of these are mere subterfuges. They are quack remedies. They do not go to the root of the evil which is liquor itself. The only cure for the liquor evil is the complete prohibition of its manufacture and sale in the whole nation.—Kansas City (Mo.) Times.

NO NEED OF JAIL.

The following statement appears in the Mail of Los Gatos, a prohibition city in Santa Clara county, California: "During the last four months it has cost Los Gatos 75 cents for prison expenses. One person was arrested during this period and 75 cents was paid to take him to the county jail at San Jose. This is a mighty good record for a city of 3,500 people. Another matter—Los Gatos has been without a jail for months."

SERMON ON TEMPERANCE.

Perhaps Kitchener, being an Irishman, was in the congregation when the priest gave the sermon on temperance which ended with the impressive words: "Drink is the ruin o' the country. 'Tis drink that steals your wages. 'Tis drink that makes ye beat your wives. 'Tis drink that makes ye shoot at your landlord, and 'tis drink that makes ye miss him."—The Independent.

WEST VIRGINIA'S STAND.

"West Virginia," asserts Commissioner Fred O. Blue in a recent interview, "will never again permit the legalized sale of alcoholic beverages, and will never again enter into partnership with the liquor business.

"We will never go back to it for the purpose of raising revenue and it is an insult to the intelligence of our people to suggest it."

LIQUOR TRAFFIC AND FARMER.

If all the distilleries and breweries were closed the farmers' market for corn would not be affected. The liquor traffic uses less than 2½ per cent of the five leading grain crops of the land.

For every bushel of grain used by the breweries and distilleries more than forty-four and three-fifths bushels are used for legitimate purposes.

ALCOHOL A DEGENERATE.

There is not one drop of alcohol in nature. Alcohol is produced by decomposition of sugar, by leaven and ferment. It is of low birth, a degenerate. It is the decomposition of vegetables, fruits, grain or sawdust. It is the garbage of plant life; the offcast of vegetation's functional processes; the discarded elements of decayed life.—Doctor Eichelberger.

GOOD GRACIOUS!



"Yes, Jessica has discarded face powder."

"What for?"

"The other day she used baking powder by mistake and it burned her face."

A GIFTED DAUGHTER.



"I hear your daughter Mabel is very highly gifted."

"Lor, yes, sir. That young Mister Spooner is making her presents all the time."

At 30 a man is convinced that the majority of men are fools; at 60 he admits that he is of the majority.

MRS. KERNS' ADVICE

To Weak, Nervous, Run-Down Women

So. Cumberland, Md.—"For a long time I suffered from a nervous breakdown. I could not eat or sleep and was so weak I could hardly walk. My husband heard about Vinol and got me to try it. Now I have a good appetite, sleep soundly and am well and strong. Every nervous, weak, run-down woman should try Vinol.—Mrs. D. W. KERNS.

Vinol is a delicious cod liver and iron tonic, without oil, which we guarantee to create a healthy appetite, aid digestion and make pure healthy blood.

W. C. Spring Drug Co.

DOWN ON HIS BACK

"About two years ago I got down on my back," writes Solomon Bequette, Flat River, Mo. "I got a 50c box of Foley Kidney Pills and they straightened me right up. I recommend them to all who have kidney trouble." Rheumatic aches and pains, soreness and stiffness, sleep disturbing bladder trouble, yield quickly to Foley Kidney Pills.—Hites Drug Store.

LESS MEAT IF BACK AND KIDNEYS HURT

Take a glass of Salts to flush Kidneys if Bladder bothers you—Drink lots of water.

Eating meat regularly eventually produces kidney trouble in some form or other, says a well-known authority, because the uric acid in meat excites the kidneys, they become overworked; get sluggish; clog up and cause all sorts of distress, particularly backache and misery in the kidney region; rheumatic twinges, severe headaches, acid stomach, constipation, torpid liver, sleeplessness, bladder and urinary irritation.

The moment your back hurts or kidneys aren't acting right, or if bladder bothers you, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity; also to neutralize the acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts cannot injure anyone; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which millions of men and women take now and then to keep the kidneys and urinary organs clean, thus avoiding serious kidney disease.

Fresh Pasteurized

MILK and CREAM

McCOOL & MATHER

Phone No. 29.

WOOD AND COAL

Promptly delivered to any part of the city. Satisfation Guaranteed. A trial order will make you a permanent customer. Phone 206.

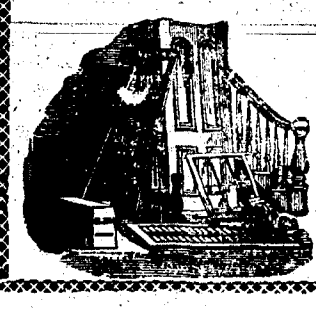
E. E. BROWN

Prop'r EAST JORDAN PRODUCE, FUEL & ICE CO.

Patrons buying wood or coal who pay to the driver when delivery is made will be allowed a Five per cent discount.

EAST JORDAN CABINET CO.

B. E. WATERMAN, Manager.



Custom Planing Mill.

Manufacturers and Dealers in

Doors, Windows and Glass, Siding, Ceiling and Flooring Mouldings, Turned Work, and Scroll Sawing.

FINISHED LUMBER, FRAMES, CASINGS



BEAVER

Get "More Money" for your Furs

BEAVER, FOXES, MUSKRAT, RACCOON, SKUNK, MINK, WHITE WEASEL and other Fur bearers collected in your section

SHIP YOUR FURS DIRECT to "SHUBERT" the largest house in the World dealing exclusively in NORTH AMERICAN RAW FURS a reliable—responsible—safe Fur House with an unblemished reputation existing for "more than a third of a century," a long successful record of sending Fur Shippers prompt, SATISFACTORY AND PROFITABLE returns. Write for "The Shubert Shipper," the only reliable, accurate market report and price list published.

Write for it—NOW—it's FREE

A. B. SHUBERT, Inc. 25-27 WEST AUSTIN AVE. Dept 512 CHICAGO, U.S.A.

Briefs of the Week

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Will Thayer, a son, Jan. 1st.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Mason Clark a son, Jan. 6th.

Found—A "Corbin" door key. Inquire at Herald office.

Att'y D. L. Wilson was a Charlevoix business visitor, Monday.

C. H. Whittington was a business visitor at Deward, Friday.

Mrs. Dan Worth of Deward died from blood poisning, Wednesday morning.

Mike Litner and family moved into the Andrew Lalonde residence on Mary-st, this week.

The Charlevoix Courier has commenced publication of the annual tax sales for Charlevoix County.

W. P. Porter was at Charlevoix, Thursday, attending the annual school officers meeting for Charlevoix County.

Mrs. Enoch Giles and son is expected home from West Branch this Saturday, where she was called by the illness of her mother.

Miss Hazel Ross is expected home this Saturday from the Petoskey hospital, where she underwent an operation for tumor.

Mrs. Thos. Fitzerald is expected home this Saturday from Gladstone, where she has been visiting relatives for a couple of weeks.

Several sleigh-loads of our high school students and teachers were at Boyne City last night, where the boy's and girl's basketball teams played the teams there.

The Presbyterian Ladies Missionary Society will meet at the home of Mrs. W. E. Malpass on Friday afternoon, Jan. 14th. Leaders, Mrs. A. L. Hilliard and Mrs. E. A. Lewis.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Robertson leave first of the week for a visit with their daughter, Mrs. B. A. Dole at Cleveland, Ohio, and from their leave for their winter home in Florida.

Mrs. Norma Noteware of South Haven, who is visiting her parents at Bellaire, together with her sister, Margaret May, was guest of Rev. and Mrs. John Clemens, Friday.

The Woman's Improvement Club met at the home of Mrs. A. L. Hilliard on Tuesday afternoon. Miss Agnes Porter gave an interesting paper on "The Path Finders of the West."

Deputy Sheriff Cook was up near Phelps, Saturday, where he picked up Charles Paine wanted in Benzie county for wife desertion. Sheriff Crawford of that county came and took the man in charge.

A basketball game is scheduled for this Saturday evening at the High School Gym between the local boy's team and the Charlevoix high school team. Game called at 8:00. Admission 25 cents.

Charlevoix county reported thirty-seven births and thirteen deaths during November, 1915, making a birth rate, according to population of 20.9 and death rate of 7.4. East Jordan contributed six births and three deaths to the total.

Norman Risk has resigned his position with the Watson Drug Co. in this city and left Monday for East Jordan he with his brother, Stanley, have secured the Agency for the Sun Life Insurance Co., and will have charge of Charlevoix county.—Boyne Citizen.

Dr. H. W. Dicken has installed a new and up-to-date Campbell X-Ray machine. The machine is capable of handling all work required of such an outfit and is a fine addition to his office equipment. He plans to give the old machine to the high school for experimental work.

The Superintendents of Poor for Charlevoix County held their monthly business meeting at the County Farm just north of our city on Wednesday. A. E. Cross closed his work on the Board at this meeting and Herman Goodman took up the work for this section of the County. The Board consists of three members—W. A. Davoll, Chairman, of Boyne Falls; H. C. Cooper, Secretary, of Charlevoix; and Mr. Goodman of this city.

Murriel Kizer, age 15 years of Boyne City was the first victim of Pine Lake since the skating season opened. The boy skated into an air hole while playing with companions last Friday. The youth held on to the edge of the thin ice while his companions tried to reach him with planks and poles. Finally the ice broke in small pieces as he tried to raise himself. When he lost his strength he sank in about twenty feet of water. Chief Cadwell immediately sent for the grappling hooks and the body was recovered within a half hour. At that time no hopes were entertained for life. The boy was the son of W. H. Kizer, engineer at the iron furnace.

Felix Gagnon returned home from Detroit last week.

Mrs. John DeBoer is confined to her home with illness.

Frank Crowell is confined to his home with the grippe.

Philo Giffin of Bellaire is assisting at Spring's Drug Store.

Miss Florence Maddaugh returned to Charlevoix Tuesday.

Att'y E. N. Clink is at Washington on business this week.

Mrs. Wm. Blanshan and son are visiting friends at Mancelona.

Caroll Hoyt returned to his schoo duties at Houghton, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Evans returned home from Chicago, Thursday.

Glenn Supernaw went to Grayling on Monday to remain for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Plant of Burdickville are here visiting relatives.

Claude Reynolds and family moved onto their farm again this wesk.

Miss Mina Hite is confined to her home with the grippe this week.

Mrs. Will Stroebel was confined to her home with illness this week.

Miss Louise Renard is home from Detroit for a visit with her parents.

Mrs. Robert Boardman of Traverse City is guest of friends in the city this week.

Att'y F. R. Williams was a Traverse City business visitor, Thursday and Friday.

William Nachazel went to Quincy, Ill. on Tuesday, to enter the St. Francis college.

Wallace Merchant returned to Grand Rapids on Tuesday to resume his college work.

Misses Leah and Gertrude Grant went to Grawn, Tuesday, for a visit with relatives.

Mr. Fuller of the Zurich Insurance Co., of Chicago was in the city on business, Thursday.

Mrs. Frances Havlik, an old and esteemed resident of Jordan township, is quite seriously ill.

Vern Whiteford went to Traverse City, Thursday, where he has employment for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Franzen left Wednesday for Chicago, where they will make their home.

Mrs. G. M. Morrow of Central Lake visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Joynt over Sunday.

Supt. and Mrs. L. P. Holliday are receiving a visit from the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. McIntosh of Hillsdale.

Sherman and Clarence Cary left last Saturday for Flint after a weeks visit with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Cary.

Mrs. Blanche Bellinger returned home Wednesday from a two months visit with Flint, Detroit and Lansing friends.

Miss Helen Peck returned to Ypsilanti Monday after spending the holidays here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Peck.

Miss Grace Weldy was taken to the Petoskey hospital, Wednesday, where she underwent an operation for appendicitis.

Mrs. Louis Peppin and children returned to their home at Suttons Bay, Monday, after a weeks visit with relatives here.

Miss Agnes Smith returned to her home at Petoskey, Monday, after spending a few days at the home of Dr. and Mrs. H. W. Dicken.

Mrs. Henry Doerr returned to her home at Mancelona, Monday, after spending a few days at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Whiteford.

Clayton McGowan returned to his home at Lawrence, Mich., Tuesday, after a weeks visit at the home of his brother, Irwin McGowan.

Mose Weisman returned home first of the week from New York, where he has been attending college. Enroute he visited friends at Chicago.

Mrs. L. Singles went to Flint, Tuesday, where her husband has been employed for some time and where they will make their future home.

Mrs. Edward Brintnall of Wilson township underwent an operation at her home last Saturday. Her sister, Mrs. John Williams is caring for her.

Methodist Episcopal Ladies Aid will be entertained by Mrs. Arthur Ward at her home on Main-st, Wednesday, Jan. 12th at 2:30 sharp. Full attendance desired.

THREE large 10c loaves of Bread for 25c at Giles & Hawkins.

Miss Vera Reinhart is on the sick list this week.

Calvin Bennett returned from Detroit recently.

Harrison Wallace of Charlevoix was in the city, Tuesday.

Fresh TAFFY and PEANUT BRITTLE at Giles & Hawkins.

Miss Elsie Johnson is confined to her home with illness, this week.

Miss Lucy Bodrie returned to her home at Midland on Tuesday.

Nat Burney left Monday for Ann Arbor, to resume his studies at the U. of M.

Mrs. Gormond and children of Deward are visiting her mother, Mrs. Flynn.

FOR RENT—A seven room house on Second-st. Inquire of Mrs. W. E. Malpass.

Miss Jeanette Morrow of Central Lake is guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Joynt.

Miss Minnie Wicks returned Monday from Grand Rapids, where she has been vistting her parents.

Miss Ula Dewey returned to Mt. Pleasant, Monday, after spending the holidays here with her parents.

Hector McKinnon and Wm. Bodrie came down from Deward Saturday to spend Sunday with their families.

Presbyterian Church Notes

Robert S. Sidebotham, Pastor.

Sunday, January 9, 1916.

10:30 a. m.—"The Song of the Storm."

11:45 a. m.—Sabbath School.

6:15 p. m.—Christian Endeavor.

7:00 p. m.—"The Inspiration of Christian Service."

Thursday 7:30 p. m.—Prayer-meeting. For the next few weeks we shall study the Lord's Prayer. Next week we take the address, 'Our Father Who art in Heaven.'

Friday afternoon the Missionary Society meets with Mrs. W. E. Malpass The subject is "Mohammedanism." The leaders are Mrs. Empey, and Mrs. Lewis.

First Methodist Episcopal Church

Rev. John Clemens, Pastor.

Sunday, Jan. 9, 1916.

10:30 a. m.—Rev. W. F. Kendrick, District superintendent will preach.

11:45 a. m. Sunday School.

6:00 p. m.—Epworth League.—"The Beatitude of the Bringer of Good News" Leaders—Crandall and Richards.

7:00 p. m.—"The Touch of Faith."

Thursday evening prayer meeting.

This evening, Saturday 8, '16, the 2nd Quarterly Conference of the church will be held with Dr. Kendrick presiding.

TO RESTORE CABIN

Frontier Home of Simon Kenton at Covington May Be Placed in Park

Covington, Ky.—Patriotic orders here are interested in the restoration of the cabin of Simon Kenton, one of Kentucky's most celebrated pioneers.

The cabin which is in Ninth street, is a rambling shack that seems entirely out of place among the excellent buildings which are its neighbors, and proponents of the "city beautiful plan" are for removing the cabin, without reference to its historical associations. Daughters of the American Revolution are engineering a movement whereby the cabin will be removed to one of the parts of the city and restored to its original picturesque ruggedness.

The cabin was built by the famous pioneer and Indian fighter in 1872 and has been occupied until 10 years ago. It is about 20 by 30 feet in dimensions, and has the half story, or loft, to which in early days those who slept above climbed by means of a short ladder.

The logs of the cabin are oak and cedar and have withstood the ravages of time remarkably well. The building has been added to by its various tenants until it now represents the handiwork of half a dozen carpenters, but the plan is to restore the building to its original lines when it is removed to the park.

Kenton was born in Virginia. He left his home there at the age of 16, because he thought he had killed a rival for the hand of a young woman. He crossed the Alleghanies and roamed for a time changing his name to "Simon Butler." He heard of the wonderful "Cain Land" called by the Indians "Kaintuckee," and decided to visit it. He met and became a friend of Daniel Boone, and once rescued Boone from the Indians.

Kenton in later years was very poor until the State of Kentucky granted him a pension.

This is a free country, but you should be ashamed to say some of the things you think.

The successful man roots while his unsuccessful brother stands around and squeals.

When a man begins to go downhill his neighbors usually get busy and push.

REPORT OF COMMITTEE ON THE COMMUNITY CHRISTMAS

The committee appointed by the city commission to arrange for the Community Christmas celebration reports as follows:

Money Received

Pythian Sisters,	$ 2.00
Presbyterian Y. P. B. Class	19.40
D. L. Wilson's Class	1.50
M. E. S. S.	3.55
Presbyterian S. S.	1.00
Sixth Grade, Central school	4.00
Individual contributions	6.50
Collected from deposit boxes	4.26
Total cash received	$42.21

Expenditures

H. Blount for baskets and toys	1.90
C. A. Hudson, shoes and rubbers	4.75
Miss Kneale, toys	3.00
E. L. Burdick, flour	.95
J. Weisman, clothing	.5
M. E. Ashley Co., clothing	6.46
Carr Grocery, chickens	5.25
A. Ward, clothing	2.25
Hite Drug Co., twine	.10
E. J. Lumber Co., clothing	10.39
" " " baskets	1.10
Cash on hand	17.05
	53.70
Less Lumber Co. bill (donated)	11.49
	42.21

The cash remaining in the hands of the committee will be used for the aid of needy people during the winter.

The committee prepared and sent out about seventy baskets to 56 different families, or to a total of 204 individuals. The baskets contained clothing, food, toys and candy. Among the supplies donated by the community were 12 bushels of potatoes and a large amount of canned fruit. The committee purchased several dozen pairs of stockings and several pairs of shoes and rubbers. The people of the town were very generous and the committee had all the supplies and money that was needed.

The committee in charge wishes to thank all who helped to make the work a success, especially the ladies who spent several days and much energy in preparing and packing the baskets. The merchants were very liberal in discounts on goods purchased and every person asked to aid in any way did so willingly.

The cost of erecting and lighting the tree and of the treat for the children will be taken care of by the city.

SCHOOL NOTES

Sam Singles of the eighth grade has left school and gone with his parents to Flint.

About twenty-five students accompanied the basketball teams on their recent trip to Bellaire. East Jordan won both games.

Miss Grace Weldy was obliged to leave school this week and was taken to Petoskey, Wednesday for an operation for appendicitis.

The floors of the two central buildings were oiled during the vacation and the rooms present a much cleaner appearance.

A large number of grade children are absent this week because of illness.

The class in animal husbandry has been studying elementary vetinary science.

The 5th and 6th grades of the Jordan River school had the highest average attendance for the month of December. The per centage was 98.5.

The first semester of the school year will end on January 21st. Semester examinations will be given in all of the upper grades.

The girls of the sewing department now have a full length French plate mirror to be used in the fitting of dresses. The mirror was purchased with money made at their candy sale.

A number of students accompanied the basketball teams to Boyne City this Friday evening. Both the girls' and boys' teams played.

The Charlevoix high school team will play the locals at the gymnasium this Saturday evening. Admission 20 cents

During the past week Supt. Holliday has given the Thompson minimum essentials test on the correct usage of grammatical forms in the 6th and 7th grades. The pupils found the most difficulty in the correct use of too, two and to.

The Mothers' and Teachers' meeting for January wtll be a social meeting for both mothers and fathers on the evening of Jan. 27th.

Those contemplating the purchase of a Monument can save money by interviewing Mrs. George Sherman who is local agent for a well known manufacturer of high grade monuments.

All quacks are not hatched from duck eggs.

The Moler Barber College of 105 S. 5th Ave-- Chicago wants men to learn the barber trade. They offer splendid inducements and a short term completes. They mail free a beautiful catalogue and ask all our readers to send for it. (Adv.)

Always keep your temper; its worth more to you than it is to anybody else.

Our January CLEARING SALE

Is Now In Progress.

DURING THESE EVENTS we will contribute the results of well-laid plans for the furtherance of the plans of our patrons who for many years have looked upon January at this store as a period of special helpfulness in making household and personal expenditures go far.

CONSPICUOUSLY in evidence throughout the entire January Sales stocks will be noted an element of crisp newness which emphasises the care we have taken to provide merchandise not only attractive but of excellent quality.

L. WEISMAN

LIVED ON $16.50 A YEAR

Indiana Man Built a Hut of Mud and Sticks as a Home in Arkansas.

Hope, Ark.—When John Q. Cushman, 63, a hermit who for six years had lived in a mud hut, five miles north of Hope, failed to go to a neighbor's spring for water, the neighbor investigated and found him dying near the hut. He never regained consciousness and died late in the afternoon.

Cushman came here from Indiana. He bought a small piece of land in the woods and with sticks and mud built a hut eight feet square. It has no window and no floor. A scaffold in one corner covered with leaves, was his bed, and a home made stool and a small cook stove was his only other equipment. He prepared and ate his food from the skillet. He ate only a mush made of beans and corn meal mixed with lard.

Cushman once told a neighbor his expenses for food and clothes were limited to $16.50 a year. He had $2000 in a local bank and is said to have more money in Indiana banks.

ALLIGATORS HATCHED BY HEN

Mother Soon Worried to Death by Her Unnatural Brood.

Tarboro, N. C.—What might sound a fish story or a fairy yarn comes from Beaufort County. C. J. Overton decided on an experiment, so he placed some alligator eggs, which he had discovered while hunting along South Creek, under a hen. It was Mr. Overton's idea to see if the hen would hatch the 'gator eggs.

He patiently waited and one morning a few days ago, while he was in the vicinity of the setting hen, he heard her cackling vociferously. He investigated and found three young 'gators tenaciously clinging to their foster mother. The hen was gyrating, while her peculiar offspring were sticking to her like grim death.

Mr. Overton liberated the hen and she flew into the top of a tree, where she remained until she decided it was dangerous to venture below in a live state, so she dropped to the earth, dead. The young 'gators also died.

FACTS YOU MAY NOT KNOW.

Texas, which in 1850 stood twelfth in rank, is now the seventh state in the American union in point of wealth. It is first in point of size and fifth in population.

Thirty states have on their statute books laws providing for the employment of state prisoners in road building.



FEET FIRST

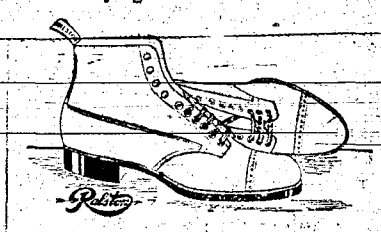
when you're considering comfort and Ralstons first when you are considering feet.

RALSTON

SHOES FOR MEN

$4.00 to $6.00

Fit as though made to your measure. They require no breaking in. We might say that comfort was the first thing considered in making them if they were not so pre-eminently stylish. You can be sure of both style and comfort in buying Ralstons.



C. A. HUDSON

EXCLUSIVE SHOE DEALER

A tight man and a loose dog are equally dangerous.

It's an easy matter for some real estate dealers to make mountains of molehills.

CITROLAX

CITROLAX

Best thing for constipation, sour stomach, lazy liver and sluggish bowels. Stop a sick headache almost at once. Gives a most thorough and satisfactory flushing—no pain, no nausea. Keeps your system cleansed, sweet and wholesome. Ask for Citrolax.—Hites Drug Store.

DeLaval Service Day at D. E. Goodman's Store

Tuesday, Jan. 11th

For the benefit of my many customers and users of De Laval Cream Separators we have established a De Laval Service Day.

On this day we shall be glad to have any De Laval user bring his separator complete to our store for a complete and careful inspection and adjustment, which will be made free of charge. Should any parts, do to unusual wear or accident, need to be replaced, this will be done, the only charge being for the price of the new parts used. No charge will be made for the service.

A De Laval Service Man will be with us to assist with this work. Bring in your De Laval Separator complete that day and receive the benefit of his advice on the care and operation of the machine as well as the free service. It is our wish, and that of the De Laval Company, that every user of a De Laval Separator get the maximum of efficiency at the minimum of cost, and we therefore urge you to avail yourself of this free and useful service.

COME EARLY AND AVOID DELAYS

TELL YOUR NEIGHBOR.

D. E. GOODMAN



When a man begins to repeat the smart sayings of his baby his acquaintances begin to question his veracity.

WEAK, NERVOUS OHIO WOMAN

Made Well By Delicious Vinol

Bellefontaine, Ohio.—"My blood was very poor—I was in a weak, nervous, run-down condition. I tried different remedies without benefit and one day my druggist told me about Vinol. I tried it and it built me up in every way—blood, strength and nerves, and I tell my friends it is the best medicine on earth."—Mrs. EARL BRUNSON.

Vinol, our delicious cod liver and iron tonic without oil, sharpens the appetite, aids digestion, enriches the blood and in this natural manner creates strength.

W. C. Spring Drug Co.

Dr. G. W. Bechtold
DENTIST
Office Hours: 8:00 to 12:00 a. m.
1:00 to 5:00 p. m.
Evenings by Appointment.
Office, Second Floor of Kimball Block.

Dr. C. H. Pray
Dentist
Office Hous:
8 to 12 a. m. 1 to 5 p. m.,
And Evenings.
Phone No. 223.

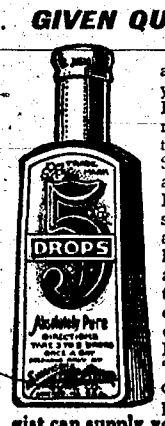
DRS. VARDON & PARKS
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS
Office in Monroe block, over Spring Drug Co's Store
Phone 158—4 rings
Office hours; 1:30 to 4:00 p. m.
7:00 to 8:00 p. m.
X-RAY In Office.

Dr F. P. Ramsey
Physician and Surgeon.
Graduate of College of Physicians and Surgeons of the University of Illinois.
OFFICE SHERMAN BLOCK
East Jordan, Mich.
Phone No. 196.

Frank Phillips
Tonsorial Artist.
When in need of anything in my line call in and see me.


PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
A toilet preparation of merit.
Helps to eradicate dandruff.
For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair.
50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

RHEUMATIC SUFFERER,
GIVEN QUICK RELIEF



Pain leaves almost as if by magic when you begin using "5-Drops," the famous old remedy for Rheumatism, Lumbago, Gout, Sciatica, Neuralgia and kindred troubles. It goes right to the spot, stops the aches and pains and makes life worth living. Get a bottle of "5-Drops" today. A booklet with each bottle gives full directions for use. Don't delay. Demand "5-Drops." Don't accept anything else in place of it. **Any druggist can supply you.** If you live too far from a drug store send One Dollar to Swanson Rheumatic Cure Co., Newark, Ohio, and a bottle of "5-Drops" will be sent prepaid.



BY

HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER.

Author of

"The Whispering Man," Etc.

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(Continued from third page)

"Then we can't get back tonight?" she said.

"I'm afraid not," said Longstreet miserably. "You see I haven't paid any attention to the roads, and there'll be nobody about this time of night to inquire of."

"Well," said Clarissa, and now, in spite of her, a little break of laughter escaped with the words. "What are we going to do about it?"

The little break of laughter wasn't so much unlike a sob as to make it wonderful that Longstreet should mistake it for that, nor was the brightness of her eyes with the moon light on them so very different from the glimmer of tears. Perhaps there were tears there, but not from crying, —not ordinary crying at least.

"It's all my fault," he said wretchedly. "I ought to be——"

"Don't," said Clarissa, and the hand that enforced the prohibition just brushed his sleeve. "Don't. I don't care."

"Mr. Price and his wife,— they're awfully nice old people,—they say they've got a spare room for you and that I can sleep in the hay, if I'll promise not to smoke."

It was rather a relief to have something legitimate to laugh at, so Clarissa laughed at that. And Longstreet himself, smiled rather uncertainly.

"And they're about half through supper," he went on, "so they said if we'd come right in——"

"Help me down," commanded Clarissa. "I—I've been sitting still a long time."

She was limp, limper than she'd supposed, and her knees didn't obey her promptly at all. But it was rather pleasant, when there were two powerful hands to pull her up and the grip of a strong arm through hers to steady her as they walked along the shale path. But he couldn't find her hand, the coat sleeve of his big motor ulster was too long.

The door was standing open and he led her into the farmhouse.

It was an hour later at least, when Mrs. Price, with a kind of ponderous agility, rose from her chair for the twentieth time and began scraping and piling the plates. They had been half through their meal indeed, as Longstreet had said, but, upon his decision to bring the lady in to supper, Mrs. Price had set her range roaring again and began cooking innumerable things, of which hot baking powder bisquits were the least, opening precious jars of preserves and getting her good dishes and the brightly polished silver caster, all at the same time. The protests of her visitors were so obviously futile, that they soon ceased making any. And her husband's protests, if he had any, were unspoken.

You couldn't do everything in a minute, as she obviously observed, nor in twenty for that matter, but at the end of half an hour of vigorous preparation, she had summoned them to a meal which she felt did her credit in the circumstances. She couldn't feel quite so sure that her guests had done proportionate justice to it, —but then, they were city folk, and their ways were past finding out.

As for Clarissa she had spent most of that hour wondering, in the back of her mind, whether she could really be the same person that had started out with Tony Longstreet in his automobile that morning. It wasn't so much that she seemed different to herself, as that everything else did. Farmhouses and their inhabitants were nothing new in her experience. She had always loved the country and had got as near the soil as she could. There was nothing exceptional about this farmhouse either, nor about the two old people who lived in it.

And yet, somehow, everything seemed different to-night. The cramped, over-filled room that served, except in summer time, for dining room and kitchen, too, the steel engravings and cheap lithographs on the walls, the thin, heavily starched white tablecloth that had replaced the red one which had adorned the table when they came in, the half-dozen solid silver spoons, scoured almost to the thinness of paper, and evidently precious beyond expression in the old lady's eye; all impressed themselves upon her with a kind of poignant pathos, which, she realized with astonishment, would make her cry, if she didn't look out.

And then the worn, homely faces of the two old people, thin and fragile, naive with the simplicity that was explained by their having lived, for the last half-century perhaps, ten miles at least from any practicable road. Their story was the old one, of sons and daughters who had grown up and married and gone away and left them here alone on their worn-out acres, with their old gnarled apples trees for company. And yet they were happy, contented, at peace. They asked so little, so piteously little.

Clarissa didn't talk much. She never could feel quite sure what her voice would sound like when she spoke, but she felt a strong glow of pride in the way Longstreet supplied the deficiency. There was such a fine grave courtesy in the way he answered the old man's innumerable questions and in the tact and gentleness with which he avoided arguments,—for old Mr. Price had his full share of opinions, though the data on the which he based them were often meager. He listened as well as he talked: to the story of the son who had gone into the railroad business and was now a conductor on a road out in Iowa; of the other son who had a genius for electricity and was now a telephone repairer in New York city.

"It's the greatest invention of the age," the old farmer said. "Jim, he just couldn't be happy because we didn't have one. Ma and I told him we hadn't any use for sech a thing, but he wouldn't let me rest till I had to put one in."

"Up here?" said Longstreet surprised. "Have you a telephone?"

"Yes," said the old man. "The line runs up here all the way from Portersville. We don't use it much, and the line is generally busted after a big storm, on account of trees fallin', but we always get it repaired again. Why, I could talk to Jim in New York, if I had to. I ain't never done it, but it's a comfort to know I could."

Clarissa hadn't been looking at Longstreet very much while they sat at supper. Mrs. Price had placed them side by side at the table, for one thing, but during this speech, their eyes had met, and Clarissa nodded.

"We'd better, I suppose," she said in answer to his unspoken question. "I don't want to very much, but I'm sure mother's worrying."

"Did you want to telephone?" the old man asked.

"Yes," said Longstreet. "We're very glad of the chance. We were afraid Miss Ellsworth's mother was worrying about her. She's at Woodstock Inn, you know."

The old man seemed rather awed at the idea of attempting to telephone over such a distance,—quite half as far as it was to New York,—and he evidently regarded it as something in the nature of a rare and uncertain experiment.

"I'd be right down interested to see if you could do that," he observed.

Longstreet offered to put the call through himself, but the old man wouldn't hear of this. He was as keen over the experiment as a boy with a box of chemicals and he left the table at once to go into the front hall where the telephone hung and put matters in train for it. But when he came back a few minutes later, it was with a face that had disappointment written on it in plain letters.

"Are the wires down?" asked Clarissa. "Never mind. It doesn't matter."

"Wires are all right," said the old man, "but that girl at Portersville said it would cost you a dollar and a half for just five minutes."

"Well," said Longstreet gravely, "I think it's worth a dollar and a half to set Mrs. Ellsworth's mind at rest. I'll leave the money with you now, and then you can pay it when the bill comes in."

So the old man, more awed than ever, went back to the telephone.

The call came through just as they were finishing supper and Clarissa answered it—rather glad, if the truth be told, that the instrument hung out of earshot of the people in the kitchen. What her mother might say to her didn't matter, of course, but what she might compel Clarissa to answer would, it was conceivable, be a little embarrassing.

She came back long before her five minutes were up, her eyes very bright, and a little flush discernible in each cheek.

"You've talked to her?" old Mr. Price asked. "Could you hear her voice quite plain?"

"Yes," said Clarissa. "It was very plain, indeed."

It wasn't until Mrs. Price began piling the plates and the old man went to the chimney shelf to hunt for a cob pipe, that Longstreet, who understood quite well what had happened over the telephone, found an opportunity to hold out a sympathetic hand under the cover of the table and to whisper, "I'm sorry."

Clarissa smiled. "I'm not," she said. Then she rose decisively and tendered her services to Mrs. Price in washing up the supper things.

Probably she didn't realize what a tribute it was to her all-round lovableness that the offer was accepted. Mrs. Price did, though, and she talked about it to her husband for days thereafter.

Longstreet, eagerly accompanied by the old farmer, opened the big gate into the road and ran the car into the shed that had been selected as its lodging for the night. While Longstreet busied himself with the cleaning up and oiling that the day's run had necessitated, the old man stood by and gazed and marvelled at the wonders of smooth-polished steel which the lifted bonnet disclosed. He had never seen the "works" of one of these automobiles before.

When Longstreet had finished, they went around to the back porch, just outside the kitchen, and settled down in a couple of old rocking-chairs for a smoke. Smoking, it appeared, was as strictly interdicted in the house as it was in the hayloft. But the kitchen windows were open and above the subdued clatter of the dishes, Longstreet was able to catch now and then the note of Clarissa's voice. What a voice it was: cool, low, kindly, with that friendly little flavor of humor about it, too. Every time he heard it, the thread of his own conversation with the farmer broke off short. Sometimes he could recover it again and sometimes he couldn't.

The kitchen work was finished at last. And about the same time, old Mrs. Price rose from his rocking chair with many creaks and pauses, knocked the ashes from his pipe into the palm of a calloused hand, and announced his determination of going to bed.

"I expect you're about ready to go yourself. You've had a long day of it, I reckon. A hundred and twenty-five miles!" That beats me. We used to think when our old Morgan would do forty to a side-bar buggy, that he was doing well. Well, I'll go along to the barn door, and nodded understandingly, when the old man pointed to where a streak of moonlight shone on the lower end of a rude ladder.

"I'm right sorry," he said, and there was a note of pathetic simplicity in his voice, "that we've got nothing better than the hay to offer ye."

"There's nothing better than hay to sleep in when you're sleepy," said Longstreet. "I've tried it before and I know."

The old man hesitated, evidently waiting to see his guest safely up the ladder.

"I'm going to have one more pipe before I turn in," said Longstreet. "Out here in the orchard."

So he and the old man retraced their steps back to the porch. The kitchen was dark now.

"Ma and the young lady have gone to bed already, I reckon," Mr. Price observed. "Well, good night. I hope you sleep well."

Longstreet roused himself from a sudden abstraction and, with a hand shake, which seemed to take the old man rather by surprise, wished him a good night. Then he saw the door close behind him and sat down rather suddenly and limply, in one of the rocking chairs. A sudden, intolerable fear came over him, that he might not see Clarissa again till morning. But it wasn't more than five minutes before the door opened again and she stood in the doorway. Clarissa, with his big motor coat over her arm.

"I've been shown my room," she said, "where the matches are and everything, and I've been taught how to lock the door." She closed it gently behind her, pulled the big coat around her shoulders, and sat down on the one low veranda step.

There was a moment of silence.

He pressed his hand against his lips to stop their trembling. Then—

"Clarissa . . .?" he began.

"Aren't they wonderful old people?" she said rather quickly. "Didn't it make a lump come into your throat just to see how simple they were, and proud, and contented? And all with so pitifully, pathetically little."

Clarissa didn't know just why she had said that. There had been no misunderstanding the passion that had vibrated in the man's voice when he spoke her name. She had known quite well what he was going to say. And she wanted him to say it. But now that the moment had come, she yielded to an impulse that was not exactly fear, to delay it for just a little longer.

He hadn't understood, of course. How could he? But he tried hard to carry out what he supposed were his wishes. And for a while they talked about these two old people and their loneliness, their poverty, their content. But the conversation was short-lived. The silences grew longer and more electrical.

And at last Longstreet said again, "Clarissa . . .?"

She rose with a little shiver and pulled the coat more tightly around her. "Come," she said. "Come out into the orchard."

They walked out under the trees in silence, not touching each other at all. Presently, in an open patch of moonlight, there in the dew-drenched grass, with the still odors of the night and of the harvest all about them, Longstreet stopped.

Clarissa walked on a pace or two, then she turned and faced him.

"Clarissa . . .?" he said for a third time.

For a moment they stood gazing at each other there in the moonlight.

He caught his breath in a great sob, for she, coming to him, holding out her hands, released them from the momentary grasp of his own, only to clasp them together behind his head and draw it down to her.

So, looking straight into his eyes from beneath her level brows, she surrendered.

Nobody could be expected to know exactly what happened after that. Certainly not themselves. And they didn't know how much later it was when they found themselves standing before the ram-shackle, three-sided shed that sheltered the car. The enormous hood which covered its six cylinders projected out into the moonlight like the snout of a leviathan.



For a moment they stood gazing at each other.

"The dear old monster," she said and patted its cold nose affectionately. "Did you dream," she asked, "even the smallest dream, when you built it, that it was going to be a magic carpet for a girl you'd never seen?" Suddenly she freed herself from the arm that was about her and mounted to her seat in the car. "Drive me somewhere," she commanded. "Drive me to the edge of the world."

He mounted the car, too. But not to his seat at the wheel. Instead, he sat down at her feet. And she, bending down, clasped his head with her hands and rested it against her knee. And for a while they drove in fancy along the rim of the world.

But after a while, after a silence, Longstreet raised his head and shook it and laughed:

"It's all a dream, of course," he said. "It can't possibly be true. I was just thinking about it, trying to realize it. It was night before last, not more than fifty hours ago, that you spoke to me first out of the dark, and rode with me without letting me see your face, and said good-by to me forever, without telling me your name."

She laughed, too, but she pulled his head back to its old place and laid her finger on his lips.

"And it was yesterday," she supplemented, "yesterday afternoon, that I sent you away again and said 'good-by' and told you you must never come back. And, this is worse still," she went on, 'do you realize that it was this morning, this very morning, nowhere near twelve hours ago, that I asked you—if you'd ever been in love with anybody? Haven't I been shamefully forward? Haven't I angled for you disgracefully? Haven't you, down in the bottom of your heart, a little suspicion that perhaps, after all, I am . . ."

Tony reached up suddenly with a great long arm,—a thing she hadn't quite realized he could do—and pulled her face down to his and stopped that question there. But he released her again and sat for a while in thoughtful silence; she watching him and trying to guess what the thoughts were. But she couldn't, and presently she had to ask.

"I was just thinking," he explained, "what a horrible thing it would have been if you had been the heiress, the great, rich, important heiress, instead of being—Cinderella."

She caught he breath and held it for a moment. "Would it have made any difference?" she asked unsteadily. "Why should it make a difference?"

"I don't know," said Longstreet thoughtfully. "It would, though. It would have to; no matter what people thought, or meant, or wanted. But it doesn't make any difference, Cinderella."

He felt her shiver then.

"You're cold," he said quickly. "And your feet are wet from walking in the dew. I mustn't let you stay any longer. Come! Let's go back to the house."

"No," she said, as he took her hands in the doorway and pulled her close for a last embrace. "Don't. Don't kiss me again tonight."

But he had not gone more than three strides on his way to the stable, before she called him back.

End of Chapter XVI

Continued Next Saturday.

SIX-YEAR-OLD HAD CROUP

"I have a little girl six years old who has a good deal of trouble with croup," writes W. E. Curry, Evansville, Ind. "I have used Foley's Honey and Tar, obtaining instant relief for her. My wife and I also use it and will say it is the best cure for a bad cold, cough, throat trouble and croup that I ever saw."—Hites Drug Store.

The Highest Market Price

Paid for Hides, Furs, Pelts, Wool and Junk.

Scrap Iron—bring it to us on Saturdays.

HARRY KLING,
East Jordan.

OUR JITNEY OFFER—This and 5c.

DON'T MISS THIS. Cut out this slip, enclose with five cents to Foley & Co., Chicago, Ill., writing your name and address clearly. You will receive in return a trial package containing Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, for coughs, colds and croup, Foley Kidney Pills, and Foley Carthartic Tablets.—Hites Drug Store.

THE GREATEST HEALTH INSURANCE IN THE WORLD

T. P. Taylor, Prominent Louisville Druggist, Makes Interesting Statement



T. P. TAYLOR

"The greatest health insurance in the world is the simplest," he said. "I never could quite understand why people are so negligent in the use of the simplest of all preventives of illness. It's all a matter of keeping the bowels open. The man who carries a little box of Rexall Orderlies has got a good health policy in his pocket. I believe they are the best laxative ever prepared, and their pleasant taste appeals to men, women and children alike."

We have the exclusive selling rights for this great laxative. Trial size, 10 cents.

W. C. SPRING DRUG CO.
THE REXALL STORE



GLASSES FITTED

CONSULT

J. LEAHY

Optometrist

Expert on Eye Strain

Headache, Dizziness, Nervousness, and all other symptoms of Eye Strain cured.

Crossed Eyes Straightened Without an Operation.

Fitting Children's Eyes a Specialty.

Difficult Cases Solicited.

Glasses Guaranteed to Fit.

Office with Drs. Vardon & Parks

Tuesday, Jan. 11

will remain Two Days

GET RID OF A RACKING LAGRIPPE COUGH--IT WEAKENS

For the severe racking cough that comes with la-grippe, Foley's Honey and Tar Compound is wonderfully healing and soothing. R. G. Collins, ex-post-master, Barnegat, N. J., says: "Foley's Honey and Tar Compound soon stopped the severe lagrippe cough that completely exhausted me. It can't be beat."—Hites Drug Store.

SAGE AND SULPHUR DARKENS GRAY HAIR

Brush this through faded, lifeless locks and they become dark, glossy, youthful.

Hair that loses its color and lustre, or when it fades, turns gray, dull and lifeless, is caused by a lack of sulphur in the hair. Our grandmother made up a mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur to keep her locks dark and beautiful, and thousands of women and men who value that even color, that beautiful dark shade of hair which is so attractive, use only this old-time recipe.

Nowadays we get this famous mixture by asking at any drug store for a 50 cent bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," which darkens the hair so naturally, so evenly, that nobody can possibly tell it has been applied. Besides, it takes off dandruff, stops scalp itching and falling hair. You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; but what delights the ladies with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur is that, besides beautifully darkening the hair after a few applications, it also brings back the gloss and lustre and gives it an appearance of abundance.

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